

THE
Juvenile Instructor

VOL. 59

DECEMBER, 1924

NO. 12



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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Vol. 29, No. 12

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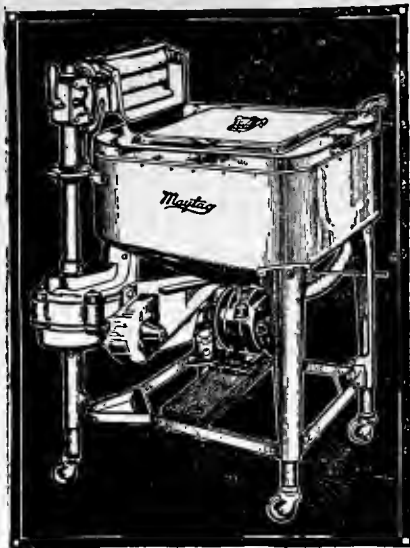
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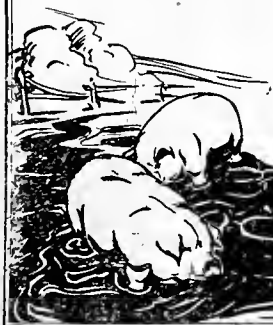
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—George H. Brimhall.

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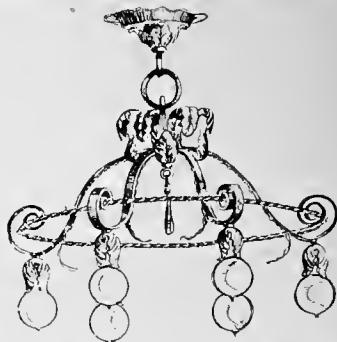
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SAY THAT YOU SAW IT IN THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

The Question

By James Lloyd Woodruff

Whispers and half smothered giggles
Float through the airy room,
And three little kiddies, cozy and warm,
Peer out through the frosty gloom.

"Is there a really true Santa?"
One asks with wondering awe,
"Redtop McGinnis says he knows there isn't.
Says he is only your pa."

"I hate ol' Redtop McGinnis,
Don't think he knows it all:
I'm sure there must be a Santa Claus,
You see he'll bring me a doll."

"Come on, we'll go down and catch him!
We'll see if Redtop's right."
And three little ghosts crept out of their beds
And stole through the silent night.

Into the hall like three shadows,
Stealthily down the stair,
Stifling their laughter and chuckles of glee
They snuggled behind a chair.

The old clock ticked in the corner,
The deep-toned bell struck four
As out of the fireplace Santa stepped
Placing his pack on the floor.

Scattering wonderful presents,
Hanging a book or a toy,
Placing a charm of contentment on each,
Filling the whole house with joy.

Pausing a moment to listen
He shook his whiskers gray,
For his keen twinkling eyes saw through the chair
Where the waiting children lay.

Asleep, tousled heads together,
There in each others' arms,
And Santa gleefully laughed as he gazed
On the chubby childish charms.

He clapped for the good dream fairy,
"Bring me a magic dream."
Then he wrapped it's soft beauty around them
As they sailed on slumber stream.

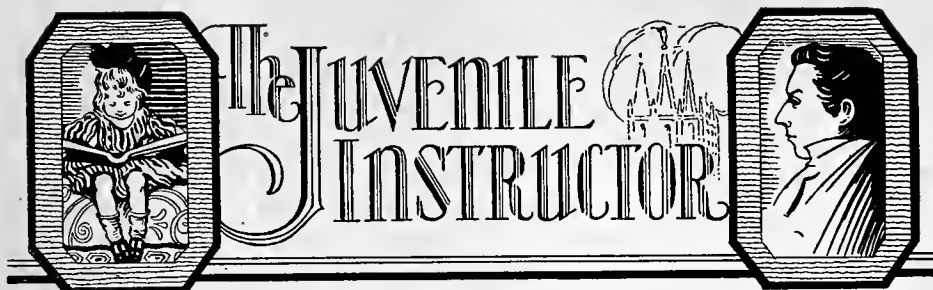
All he had done and brought for them,
Pictured in dreamland guise,
Filled them with rapture and gasping surprise,
Made their eyes pop with surprise.

On the wings of thought he vanished.
The drowsy tots slept on,
Till the glad chiming bells of Christmas morn
Awakened them at dawn.

They rubbed and rubbed their sleepy eyes,
Then gave a merry shout,—
"We know there's a Santa, we saw him ourselves,
There's a Santa without a doubt!"



THE NATIVITY
(Francisco Zarbaran 1598-1662)



Vol. 59

DECEMBER, 1924

No. 12

A Line of Scripture and a Woman's Voice

By L. Lula Greene Richards

A man of wealth and mental culture, too,
Sat reading by himself. The winds that blew
Around his well-built home he heeded not—
Books were his friends; all others he forgot.
Seth Adams had in youth alone been left,
Of all his earthly relatives bereft.
Stunned and cast down, he manfully arose—
Made work and books his friends and knew no foes.

He took no part in worldliness or strife—
To study, earn and save filled up his life.
He loved to count his riches—who does not
Love wealth when gained without dishonor's blot?
He only spent for common needs and health,
Learning from books and treasuring his wealth.
In reading histories of noble men
Seth felt their lives with him were lived again.

His mother taught him early how to pray
And bade him read the Bible every day.
His home was modern, good and beautified
With art and flowers—for love's sake—not for pride.
Now as Seth read—reluctant still to leave
His Bible lesson (it was Christmas Eve)
He read where Peter and Cornelius stood
And told of Him "Who went about doing good."

That line Seth Adams felt strike to his heart
As if some cogent message to impart.
At the same instant for some cause unknown
A sudden call rang briskly on his 'phone.
To his "Hello!" came question low but clear
In voice so sweet it strangely charmed his ear.
"Mr. Seth Adams?" He but answered "Yes!"
Who should be calling him he could not guess.

Given to reticence, and modest, too,
How to address a girl he scarcely knew.
But now he listened to a story told
Which—with that other message—made him bold.
"This is Mark Wellan's daughter"—said the voice,
So pleasing still Seth listened now from choice.
"Father intended seeing you today
About the note," the voice went on to say.

"But strikes have been so frequent where he works
The company is handicapped for clerks,
So he was rushed and had to go tonight
And help to straighten up and make things right.
With wages low he has so hard a pull
He fears—he cannot—pay you now—in full!"
The voice dropped there—the Bible message clung
To Seth's awakening heart, and loosed his tongue

To gentle eloquence in words and tone
He scarcely recognized to be his own.
"Miss Wellan—may I speak to you?" he asked,
Fearing the words with which she had been tasked
Were finished and that she would say no more—
The answering voice seemed sweeter than before.
"Why, certainly!" it said—"Speak as you will—
Your message, Sir, must bring us good not ill!"

Seth felt his face grow red, then rather pale,
But dared not hesitate lest courage fail.
And so the following conversation ran
Through telephone between the girl and man.
"Tomorrow may I call—your father see—
Arrange on what terms we can best agree?"
"Morning and evening he will be away—
Obliged to work—" "Well, never mind—" "But stay—

"From one to three he will be home at ease—
Take Christmas dinner with us, will you please?"
"Well, I—I—yes—I think—perhaps—I could—
If I can thus make start—in—doing good!"
"If doing good is a desire with you—
Your presence may our sinking hopes renew.
Father will be so pleased—and Mother, too—
I hope you understand—" "I think I do."

"Thank you so much!" and "Many thanks!" "All right."
Through both receivers then—a low "Good night!"
A long, deep reverie—and then Seth slept—
But of his soul's new warmth possession kept.
Dawned Christmas brightly and a new, bright man
Seth Adams awakened with a new life's plan.
After a simple breakfast he went out
With this in mind—"I'll walk these hills about

"Till time to call at Wellan's—then—to see—
That girl who's voice has changed the world for me."
How small a matter at a favored time
May lift a groveller to aims sublime!
Hearing a voice—the reading of a line
May help an earth-bound brain to thoughts divine;
Turn one whose Bible was not understood
To follow Him "Who went about doing good!"

Soliloquizing thus, Seth saw a hound
Pass up a near-by steep with rapid bound.
Turning and looking on he also saw
A woman to her shoulder quickly draw
A basket as the dog's keen, peaked nose
Essayed the basket's contents to disclose.
A little scream rang out upon the air
And in an instant Seth was standing there—

Had caught the falling basket—cuffed the cur
And faced the woman ready to confer.
Throwing the dog a roll the girl said—"This
Will stay his hunger—others will not miss
So small a portion from their 'Christmas box'—
The scamp—he nearly felled me on these rocks!"
Seth listened to her voice with rapt delight—
The same that had so charmed him yester-night.

The face and form so matched that voice most sweet
He felt like falling at the maiden's feet.
But though a tyro in such things as these
True manly instinct now enforced his knees.
"Mark Wellan's daughter!" earnestly he said—
With winsome smile and blush she bent her head.
"I am May Wellan," came her answer true.
"Mark is my Father. Kind sir, who are you?"

Seth gave his name. Taking her basket then
He walked beside her, happiest of men.
In doing good that was Seth Adams' start.
Soon afterward, exchanging heart for heart
The owner of the voice that changed his life
Became his dear, devoted, happy wife.
And they are known throughout their neighborhood
As chief of those who go about doing good.



MAGRATH FIRST WARD SUNDAY SCHOOL, TAYLOR STAKE (CANADA)
Standing at back, left to right, are Frank Bates, First Assistant; E. Pingree Tanner, Superintendent; Emil Ehlert, Second Assistant, and Ernest Bennion, Stake Superintendent of Sunday Schools.

The Teacher Remembered

Tributes paid notable Sunday School Workers of the past, at the Conference of the Deseret Sunday School Union, Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Oct. 5, 1924.
(Continued from November Juvenile Instructor)

George Goddard

By Wm. A. Morton

A few days ago I stood in the lobby of the Hotel Utah and listened to a tourist speak in praise of the workmanship on that magnificent building. He was loud in his praise of its finishings, of the work that was done by skilled artisans. As I listened to him praise those men of delicate hand, I was reminded of the horny handed sons of toil who laid the foundations of that splendid building. I am glad that the Deseret Sunday School Union is devoting a part of its program this evening to remembering the men who in the summer's heat and in the winter's cold laid the foundation of the great work in the interest of which we are assembled here. I feel that I have been highly honored in being chosen to place a wreath on the grave of one of them, Elder George Goddard. I hope that in some way the news has been communicated to him that tonight ten thousand Sunday School workers do him honor. Yes, I indulge even a larger hope, that he is permitted to look upon this scene, to behold this great army of men and women whose lives are consecrated to the cause that he labored so faithfully to establish.

One day a man walking along a country road, saw a young girl in a field binding and stacking sheaves of wheat. Addressing her, he said, "You must be very tired, working all day in the scorching sun." And she said to him, "No, sir, I am not tired; this is my father's field I am working in." She was not tired, because she was buoyed up with the thought that she was working for her father. Elder George Goddard labored long and hard, he traveled far, he endured many hardships, but he was never tired, because he always



GEORGE GODDARD

kept before him the thought that he was working in his father's field. I do not believe there is a Sunday School worker today who is deriving greater joy or satisfaction from his labors than Elder George Goddard derived from his Sunday School service. His whole heart and soul were in the work. He was baptized with the Sunday School spirit—and when I say baptized, I do not mean sprinkled.

On one occasion Jesus and his disciples stood beside the Great Temple in Jerusalem, and the disciples called the Master's attention to the great building, which had consumed forty years in its construction. We can imagine their surprise when he turned to them and said, "The day will come when not one stone of this building shall stand upon another." And as He spoke so it came to pass; gone is

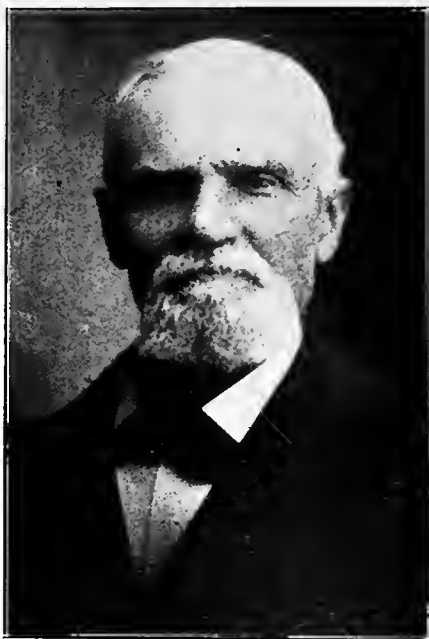
the Great Temple, gone like Nineveh and Tyre. The place that knew it once knows it again no more. But the work to which George Goddard consecrated his life, this great work in which he assisted so ably in laying the foundation, will stand forever a monument to his memory. God bless that memory I humbly pray, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Karl G. Maese

By Dr. George H. Brimhall

A graduate of the German system of education, which was the glory of the world at that time, he strode forth in his majestic manhood and faced the world. He had seen so much of confusion, so much of strife, that his crystalized mind, the logic of his makeup, caused him to doubt that there was anything of supreme intelligence leading the world. And thus he went, won victory in civic affairs, became the chosen tutor of the children of the rich, did not know anything but culture and nobility and education. But an Elder met him, and he heard and he felt, and he walked after the promptings of the spirit. And God thought so much of that man that he gave him the key of knowledge—the knowledge of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Again find that man, the college graduate, the trained pedagogue, in Salt Lake City on Christmas eve. These were his words afterwards to me; "Brother Brimhall, we had always celebrated Christmas in happiness; we had had our gifts, and you know, Brother Brimhall, what the Germans do on Christmas; but on that Christmas morning, cold, bleak, we could not get up at our accustomed hour. We had nothing to make a fire. I got up and walked out and said, 'Surely my Father will remember me this Christmas morning.' And I met a brother, and I



KARL G. MAESER

told him of my condition and he said, 'Come with me; you shall have all the wood you need.'"

Next we see him as the teacher of the school, the student body of which was made up principally of Brigham Young's family. Then we see him later standing before President Young, waiting for his message, and the President said to him, "Brother Maese, go to Provo, take charge of that school down there." "Have you any special message for me, President Young?" "Only this, that you shall not attempt to teach anything without the Spirit of the Lord." This man presided over the Brigham Young Academy until he was called to the General Superintendency of the Church Schools. And with all that he had to do, he had time to come into this Sunday School work and give to it its first crystalized treatise, and out of that has come our outlines, our courses of instruction. And in this respect he might be called the father

of the outline, and he could also be called, because of his pedagogical training and what he did for the Sunday School in that regard, the forerunner of that great work—Teacher-Training.

This man came as a trained teacher. He came as something more; he came as a lover,—he was positively the greatest lover as a teacher that I ever knew. He had first of all the love of the little ones, the love of the ones he taught. The wayward boy could look up into his eye and see love—not for his waywardness but love for what he might become. He had a love for the Lord and labored in His Church. He had a love for the loftiness of life, the loftiness of inner life. One of his expressions was, "You shall not think what you would not like to see pictured;" in other words, *Be yourself, your better self*. In treating his students the human heart was his aim. Love was his bow, and truth was his arrow. He was the best exemplification in the teaching line that I ever knew, of this:

Lives of great men all remind us

We can make our lives sublime.

He was an exemplification of love unfeigned and of labor untiring. God bless his memory: it is glorious to contemplate, it is warming to review, and it is alluring to higher heights. Amen.

The Unknown Teacher

By Adam S. Bennion

Thus far in this program we have been concerned with four of the great, outstanding Sunday School workers. It is evident from the title announced for this number that we are borrowing a phrase out of the great World War, the celebrated "unknown soldier." That great war had its great characters, its Kitchener, its Sir Douglas Haig, its General Pershing, its Gabriel D'Annunzio, its Marshal Foch, but behind those great men there were the men of the line

and the trench, those who kept the home fires burning, and those who stood in the shops that the buddies might carry on. Four years ago, on the eleventh of next November, France did honor to her unknown dead by burying the unknown soldier beneath the Arch of Triumph. On that same date England did honor to her unknown dead by giving place in the famous Westminster Abbey to her unknown soldier.

Tonight we are asked to consider that teacher behind the lines in Sunday School work, unheralded and unsung, the teacher who constitutes the rank and file of this great organization. We have been interested to discover who that teacher may be, and in an effort to find out have sent out some two hundred questionnaires. From those questionnaires we have returns on 1325 teachers. It is a significant fact that those 1325 teachers fall into three general classes. I presume that was because we gave direction to the answer by setting forth in the letter that memorable statement written by George Betts, that all of the teachers in the world fall into three classes: "those who are remembered to be forgiven, after the years have softened resentments and antagonisms; those who are forgotten, because they failed to make impress upon our lives; and third, those who are remembered to be honored as long as memory lasts." Thirteen hundred twenty-five teachers have been grouped into those three classes. I regret to announce that 11% of all those whom we were able to cover in this little survey were named by men and women in this Church as teachers to be forgiven. They listed 36 reasons why they should have to forgive them. I have neither the time nor the inclination to indicate all of those reasons. Let me indicate, however, that the outstanding ones were: first, hypocrisy or a failure to live up to the ideals of their teaching; second,

the lack of preparation, so that it was a loss of time to be in the classroom; third, a loss of temper, so that teachers lost their dignity and inflicted unjust judgments.

"A waste of time," was listed as one. Said this teacher, "I forgive my Sunday School teacher for wasting time; when he ought to have been teaching me the principles of the gospel, he was reading to us 'Ten Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.' Another reason for forgiveness is partiality and inability to evaluate the motives and attributes of pupils.

In the group that is to be forgotten, 400 were named. Four hundred Sunday School teachers out of a total of 1300 have passed from memory because they failed to stamp themselves upon those taught. In this case 33 reasons were given. They are virtually summed up, however, in the fact that the teachers were either unprepared or unenthusiastic, or lacked the conviction that they were called to a high calling and were devoted to putting across the message of truth.

I am happy to announce that out of the 1325, 775 were listed as teachers to be honored and revered as long as memory lasts. I should be pleased to give you the qualities that made those teachers stand out, were it not for the fact that there are 65 such reasons, and that the outstanding ones are going to be featured in the next two numbers on this program, and I shall not at this time weary you by enumerating them.

I take it the purpose of this little number on the program, after all, is to make us mindful of what we owe to that unknown teacher, and I believe I can suggest it best, in conclusion, by referring to the spirit that made the unknown soldier of America the hero of the hour and gave him a place along with those who have been celebrated and honored as our great heroes. Three years ago, on the 24th of October, in France, there were called from the four American cemeteries four dirt-

stained caskets, and when they were lined up Sergeant Younger was asked to pass by them and select one which was to be honored as America's unknown soldier. He walked by the four caskets and finally laid a white rose on one of those caskets. It was put into a suitable enclosure, with this plain, simple line inscribed, "An unknown American soldier who gave his life in the Great War," and that casket was shipped to America on the old flagship of Admiral Dewey, the *Olympia*, arrived in Washington on November 9, was taken to the White House and in the rotunda of that famous building lay in state for two days. On November 11, 1921, Mrs. Warren G. Harding laid a ribbon of white across the casket, and her husband, the late President Harding, added thereto a silver shield, on which were pinned 48 gold stars, the tribute of America and her heart to him who had laid down his life for American liberty. After suitable review—and it is always significant to me that the body of the unknown soldier lay on the same catafalque that had held the remains of Lincoln, of Garfield, and McKinley—it was taken and transferred to Arlington Cemetery, where among this country's honored dead it was lowered to its final resting place and taps were sounded.

You have been asked, my brethren and sisters, here tonight to stand out of memory to him who did so much for this cause. May I close with the thought that you sit in honor to that unknown Sunday School teacher. In this moment of honor, will you call him back from the field of memory? Let him lie in state in the rotunda not of the White House but of your contemplation. Will you lay a white flower of gratitude on his bier, and as he is lowered into the tomb of your introspection, God grant that the sound of taps may find an echo in your resolution to be for some one else what he was for you.



PHOTO BY ANDERSON
AN ESKIMO FAMILY AT A MISSION IN NORTHERN CANADA

The Happy Eskimos

By Frank C. Steele

Up in the Far North, where it is winter all the year round, live the happiest men and women, and the happiest, jolliest boys and girls, in the world.

These are the Eskimos, those strange people you read about in your textbooks at school. They eat seal meat, walrus meat, eggs of sea birds and dog meat. They live in holes in the ice without windows or doors. They have no neatly-cut clothes, but usually dress in skins, skins of animals they kill with rude weapons.

The Eskimo—how we pity him!—has no trains, no flivvers, no steam heat, no corner soda fountain, no movies, no world's baseball series. But he is happy. He is happy in his land of ice and snow and relentless monotony. He is happy in that wonderful White Land of the far north where the heavens are streaked at night with the Northern Lights, that mysterious phenomena which seems to issue out of the bleak water wastes of the Arctic ocean.

The Eskimo is happy because his needs are few and simple. They have

no bank accounts. They gather together no property except a few fire-arms, fishing material, clothing and perhaps a boat of skins. The Eskimo children get plenty of whale blubber and fish, but no candy. For that reason they have good teeth and never have to go to a dentist. In fact, dentists and doctors are unknown in the Land of the Eskimo.

These people of the ice country are real brothers. A great explorer said recently that nowhere in the world does brotherly love exist so perfectly as among the Eskimos. They may be living in a stone age but they have found happiness. They are happy with the simple things. They do not fight among themselves. They know better than that. They have common enemies that are most deadly—the elements. And so they co-operate in fighting the elements.

No one tries to get possession of all the whales in the sea or all the seals on the ice. No one tries to get a "corner" on the food supply. The Eskimo lives a peaceful, sincere life. He has no elaborate code of laws or conventions; he knows nothing

of sham or pretense; and to kill or steal or lie would bring him no nearer an ambition, for ambitions he has none—none except to live out his simple life in a land of stern realities.

Eskimo children are very, very happy. Most of them live with their fathers and mothers in the far northern regions of Canada. About the only white people they ever see are the Mounted Police. The Eskimo loves these brave policemen because they are his friend. They protect him from the fur traders, white men who have taught the Eskimo many bad habits and practices. It is said the Eskimos at one time killed many of the babies born while en-route on a hunting excursion or long trip during the summer. They are said to have made it a practice also of killing the old people of their tribes. This is no longer true. The Mounted Policemen have taken law into those northern regions and have

shown the Eskimo that to kill is wrong. They are now peaceful, giving the authorities very little trouble.

Yes, the Eskimo folk are happy folk. Just look at the picture accompanying this article. Why, that little girl is almost smiling. These Eskimo folk are semi-civilized, as you see by their clothes. They live near a Christian mission, but they are no happier than the boys and girls of the tribes hundreds of miles farther north. Some day the far northern Eskimo will get schools and hospitals and other modern institutions. Civilization is slowly but steadily moving northward. The Eskimo realizes this, too, and he is not happy at the prospect. For he does not do so well in fancy clothes and when placed on a diet such as we have in the south.

The Eskimo likes his simple ways best, and because he is satisfied with simple things he is happy.



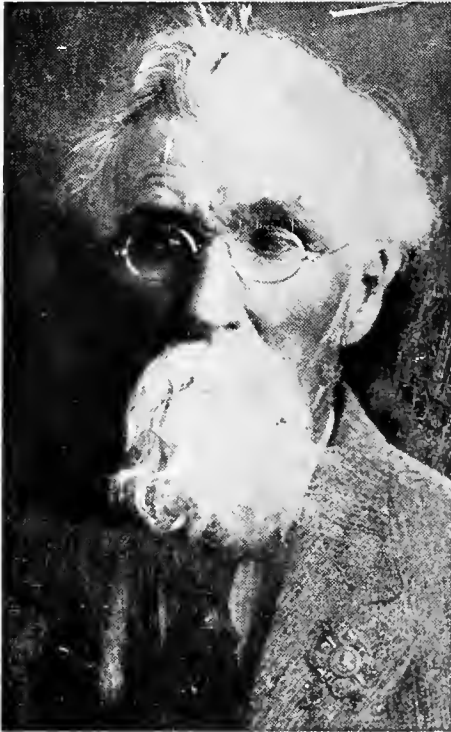
LATTER-DAY SAINTS' SUNDAY SCHOOL, CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA
Eastern States Mission. John A. Marion, Superintendent.



Lorenzo Sobriskie Young

By Harold H. Jenson

An interesting character among Utah pioneers and the one who received much homage was Lorenzo Sobriskie Young, so far as known the last surviving member of the



original company who came with President Brigham Young to Great Salt Lake Valley in 1847. Up to the time of his death, which occurred March 28, 1924, at Shelley, Idaho, he was active, his memory was clear and his life was one of varied experiences. He had not the opportunities that many have had, for his chief avocation was herd-

ing sheep, even from the days of his boyhood. Many will remember seeing this veteran of yesterday with his snow white hair.

Mr. Young delighted in telling of bygone days and would sit for hours speaking of experiences of the past. His reminiscences could fill volumes and if one would but start the conversation with questioning, replies soon came that should teach real object lessons to the young people of today. He spoke with a slow but pleasant tone, with somewhat of a twang to his speech, glancing from side to side while speaking, then his eyes looked the listener squarely in the face, revealing real depth of character and a keen sense of appreciation.

The aged pioneer could not read nor write "very much," so he said, for his life had been one of hard work and he never had time to learn. In signing his name his hand had to be guided over the paper, yet his hand and arm were firm. He was perhaps the most active of any pioneer at the recent Pioneer celebration, posing for pictures, both "movies" and "stills" and taking long walks to historic places.

On the night of the pioneer banquet at the Hotel Utah he arrived a little late. Some one said they found him visiting an old historic spot on South Temple, or "Brigham Street," as he called it. He was always anxious to visit the newspaper offices terming newspaper men his best friends.

Following is his story as told the writer in a personal interview and written especially for the *Juvenile Instructor*.

"Though I was only a child when my parents brought me to the valley there are some things clear in my mind. I was one of the boys in the first company. I remember when the

company got to the top of Little Mountain we were asked to get out and run down the hill to make the load lighter. I ran like the other children and I recall how we had to stop and be carried across a stream as we were too small to wade it.

"Like others who first recollect this valley it is still clear in my mind's eye as a long stretch of sage brush plain. Those were hard times, my boy, and we had to look out a good deal for ourselves. Of course being just a mite of a lad I can't remember much of the first year, but the main things that impressed themselves on my mind are still clear.

"I recall that my job was helping herd sheep. That's about the main thing I had to do all my life and that's why I ain't had much education. I 'member how scared I was of those howling wolves, 'specially when the lightnin' and thunder came. One night when out in the hills I 'member the lightnin' flashed and thunder roared. The wolves were howlin' and I began to run. It was a wonder I wasn't killed for I ran right down the steep hills in the pitch dark as fast as I could go. Then I hid my head under some quilts to keep out the noise.

"All my life I've been shepherdin' and got my education out of doors. I can get much out of it that others can't seem to appreciate. For hours and sometimes weeks in the hills my only company was my dog, 'specially when I was older so they'd trust me more. What readin' and writin' I got I just picked up somehow and I hain't ever been able to really read or write much, 'specially write, and now my eyes won't hardly let me read at all.

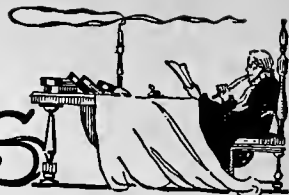
"When I was only a young man I was called to go down and help settle the Muddy country. We left everything behind and set out for that place, and boy, we sure had some hardships. Floods came, food got scarce and if it hadn't been for God watchin' over us, I don't think many of us would be here now. I 'member one flood, 'specially. It was a big one and we was sent out to warn the settlers down stream. First of all we went out after a widow. We found her on what might be called an island. The house had floated down stream, leaving her high and dry on the foundation. We went to her rescue but when we got her a little ways off she made us go back to rescue her cat. Further down stream we found a man in his wagon box floatin' along and we rescued him.

"Later on after gettin' married, I moved quite a number of times, and now my home is in Shelley, Idaho. I still have my little farm and do some farming yet. I love my home and like to keep goin' and though I feel old age creepin' on still last year I did all my own gard'nin' though my sons didn't want me to. My wife is still living and most of my children.

"Most of all I enjoy meeting my old friends. I am the only one left of two original boys now. I 'member Perry Decker in Draper. He and I used to love to compare times today with those of yesterday. We couldn't help but feel thankful for the differences for the old times was hard times, lad. We knew what it was to go hungry, to hunt weeds for food, and to go for weeks in the hills herding sheep, with our only friend, the Good Lord above, who, thank goodness, never deserted us."

It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas when its mighty Founder was a child Himself—Dickens.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS



JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union

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SALT LAKE CITY - - DECEMBER, 1924

The Star of Bethlehem

"Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

This is St. Matthew's brief account of the first message of God to the gentile world, of the advent of the Lord. To the Hebrew shepherds an angel of the Lord had appeared, clothed in light, as was Moroni who came to Joseph

Smith, and when that messenger had delivered his message to the awe-stricken shepherds, he was surrounded by a multitude of the heavenly host, who praised God in song. To the wise men of the East, the message came through a "star," some unusual light, to them clear enough to prompt them to undertake a seven month's journey to Jerusalem, and from there to Bethlehem, with holy devotion in their hearts and precious gifts in their hands. And since then, the circle of worshipers of the Prince of Peace has ever widened, and the offerings on his altar have ever increased.

Again, the joyful season of the year is here, when men everywhere specially remember the coming of the Lord in the flesh, and His mission, and by gifts of love are seeking to materialize the central thought and very essence of our Lord's message to the world—the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man. It is the season of joy and peace and good will.

As far back as history goes, the children of men have celebrated the time of the year when the days, after a period of gradually decreasing length begin to grow again; when the sun turns as it were, and his powerful rays again begin to disperse the darkness preparatory to the awakening of all nature to new life and activity. Long before Christianity became an influence in the world, the Romans celebrated their mid-winter festivities, and our Anglo-Saxon and Northern ancestors their "Yule" about the 25th of December. And even the nations inhabiting the American continents had their sun festival, the most important of the year, at the winter solstice. Everywhere the time was one of rejoicing. It was the anniversary of "the birthday of the

unconquered sun." At that time bonfires blazed merrily; the burning yule log cheered the hearth; the holly and the mistletoe adorned the otherwise bare walls of the homes; gifts were exchanged, elaborate parties with feasting and playing were held, and there seemed to be no limit to hospitality.

The date of the birth of our Savior was not known when Christianity became a recognized factor in the development of the world, but in the 4th century, Christmas began to be celebrated on Dec. 25, and this has become the generally accepted date, though without historical basis. Most of the quaint, old customs from pagan times were retained, but given a new significance. We still have the Christmas tree with its glittering ornaments and candles, and its precious gifts for the children, and also good old "Santa Claus."

No fault need be found with these time-honored customs. If the lit candles are permitted to remind us of his advent, who is the Light of the world, and if the giving is prompted by a holy desire to express our love for our fellowmen, the influence of Christmas will be ennobling and bring joy and satisfaction. Then we, too, as the wise men of the East, bringing, figuratively

speaking, to the feet of the new-born Savior, our gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh, will be guided by the Star of Bethlehem.

If in this connection a word of friendly warning is needed, it is one against making Christmas giving a burden by over-reaching ourselves. It is not necessary to go beyond our resources, or to withhold from the Lord what is His. The spirit in which a gift is given is, after all, its real value. The gifts we exchange should not be permitted to overshadow in importance the real meaning of the day. Our Lord is and should be the center of the holiday in all the homes and hearts of the Latter-day Saints, and where this is the case, it will, indeed, be a merry Christmas.

The Greatest Friend

Oh, how I want our boys and girls to know Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of men! How I wish that they would recognize that He is their dearest and their greatest friend, that they may put their trust in Him, knowing that He will never forsake them, and that a testimony of His divinity and His great work is the greatest influence that will ever come into their lives.

—Stephen L. Richards.

Christmas

The Earth has grown old with its burden of care
But at Christmas it always is young;
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul, full of music, breaks forth on the air
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming tonight!
On the snowflakes which cover thy sod
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.

—Phillips Brooks.



THE ELECTION

The presidential election, Nov. 4, with its overwhelming majorities in favor of President Coolidge, is a notice to all the world, to whom it may concern, that this country is no field for wild experiments in the execution of government functions or policies. Its results also prove that a great many voters are voting their own convictions, instead of following blindly a beaten path. As in Great Britain, where, on Oct. 29, liberals and conservatives united against what was regarded as a common menace, so here, conservative voters of all parties consolidated their strength with a view to "safety first." And that is, in my judgment, a complete and satisfactory explanation of the outcome of this year's political contest.

TWO WOMEN

Two women were elected governors of states, both on the Democratic ticket. They are, Mrs. Nellie Taylor Ross, of Wyoming, and Mrs. Miriam A. Ferguson of Texas. They are the first women to head a state government in this country. I understand there is a difference of opinion as to the advisability of placing the heavy burden of such responsibilities on the shoulders of women. To those who are discussing that question, the following statements might have some interest.

Among the Lamanites, formerly, this was not uncommon. Many of them counted their lineage through their mothers. They had chieftainesses as well as chiefs. Among the Iroquois the women were represented in their tribal councils by a special "speaker," and they were generally authorized to

carry on peace negotiations. Among the Conestogas one woman was recognized as "queen," and among the Wyandottes the council of each "gens" (or "kindred") was composed of women, who elected the chief. They were the "electoral college," and they represented the people in the larger, or tribal, council.

This peculiarity of Lamanite government may be traced as far back as to the tribal government at the time of Abraham. The name, Sarah, means really a "chieftainess," and if we would understand the briefly told Biblical history of Sarah, Rebekah, Leah and her daughter, Dinah, we must suppose that they held some kind of position in the government of the gens or the tribe. (Comp. Gen. 22: 19; 23:2.) It is evident from these references that Sarah had her own establishment at Hebron, where she died, while Abraham lived at Beersheba, whence he came to Hebron to mourn for and to bury Sarah.

RELIGION IN SCHOOLS

In a conference held not long ago in Salt Lake City by Congregationalists, a resolution was adopted, protesting against the use of public school buildings "for religious services of any sort" and "against children being taught any form of theology during the school hours of any school day."

This was admitted to be aimed at the Religion Classes of the Church. Our sectarian friends do not realize that they, in this matter, are far behind the time, while the Latter-day Saints are in the lead. The movement for Bible reading in the schools is gathering momentum among the church people everywhere.

I understand that an organization

in which the "modernists" are heavily represented has been incorporated in the state of New York, the object of which is to introduce by law their special form of rationalism in the public schools.

Furthermore, in one of our larger eastern cities a magazine is now being published for children, which bears the name "The Young Comrade." In it the children are taught that religion, our government, our schools, and all our institutions are wrong. The seeds of revolution are being sown in their hearts, and the fruits are seen in awful crimes.

The question is, who is going to get there first? Unless those who believe in the God of the Scriptures take hold of the schools and the children in the interest of Christian faith and practice, the field will be occupied by the opponents.

MODERN TRAVEL

On October 15, the largest airship ever built landed at Lakehurst, N. J., having made 5,000 miles, from Friederickshafen, Germany, in 81 hours, without stop.

On Oct. 26, the Shenandoah, the next largest airship, completed a tour of the United States, 9,000 miles in all, and landed safely at the starting point, having successfully stood the test in all kinds of weather.

These are epoch-making events in the development of our means of transportation, as fraught with possibilities as the crossing of the Atlantic by Columbus or the circum-navigation of the globe by the expedition of the ill-fated Magellan.

But perhaps the most striking illustration of the rapid progress of our means of communication is presented in the story of Ezra Meeker. That gentleman, now 94 years old, recently made the trip from the Pacific coast to Washington, D. C., by aeroplane. About 72 years ago the same gentleman went from the state of Indiana to

Puyallup in the state of Washington, where he located, after having made the entire distance by ox team. What a contrast!

Mr. Meeker, speaking of his travels, admits that the aeroplane is faster than the ox team, but as for pleasure, he says, it is not in it with the old wagon. But the point is that it took him six months to cover the distance from the Missouri river at Omaha, to Puget Sound, when traveling 70 years ago; now he made that distance in 15 hours. That shows exactly what modern inventions have done to our vast country, and to the whole earth, in the way of annihilating distances. The earth has, in other words, shrunk, if we measure dimensions by hours instead of miles.

This is one of the great signs of the time. It seems to me the effect of these marvelous improvements in means of communication must eventually be the breaking down of all imaginary walls of separation between nations, and the consolidation of their interests, and that through this unifying influence the earth is gradually being prepared for the coming of our Lord to reign over the united world as His kingdom.

IN CHINA

From the daily reports it is difficult to form a clear picture of the situation in China, but what has happened seems to be this: A so-called Christian general, Feng Yu Hsiang, has succeeded in deposing the president of the Chinese northern republic, Tsao Kun, and made himself the master of Peking, the capital. Whether that ends the struggle remains to be seen.

I take it for granted that the so-called "Christian" general is an adherent and representative of the Roman church, because that organization now claims two million members in China, and the pope has recently developed noteworthy interest in Chinese affairs and appointed native priests to import-

ant positions. If my conjecture is correct, the revolutionary war in China is a movement in harmony with the well-known aim of Rome at universal dominion on earth.

Be this as it may. But hand in hand with the progress of Romanism in China, as everywhere, marches the god Mars of Roman paganism, in his blood-bespattered accoutrement? Now let us remember, there are at least 300,000,000 human beings in that part of Asia. Generally speaking, they are intelligent, industrious and fearless, and ready to kill on slight provocation without compunction. Already they have armies equipped with all the paraphernalia "Christian" nations employ in war. They have artillery, aeroplanes, and poison gas, a Red Cross service and officers trained in European schools of the military art. As Mr. David Lloyd George recently said: "The countries that send missionaries have also supplied guns. The Bibles and the bombs have come from the same resourceful and adaptable nations."

Now, what would happen, if China's millions were led by Japanese statesmanship and fired either by religious

fanaticism or by the form of insanity that has very nearly turned the Russian government headquarters into a lunatic asylum? What would happen, if these millions should set the world afire, as did the assassins who murdered an Austrian prince in 1914?

That we may not know at this time, but the Prophet Ezekiel (chap. 39) speaks of a destructive battle in connection with the gathering of Judah to the Holy Land, and John the Revelator, in the same way, describes the slaughter at Armageddon (Rev. 16: 16) just before the coming of our Lord thus:

"And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast and out of the mouth of the false prophet, for they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty. Behold, I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments," and that, I think, is the lesson the signs of the times impress on us at the present time.

Peace, Good Will to Men

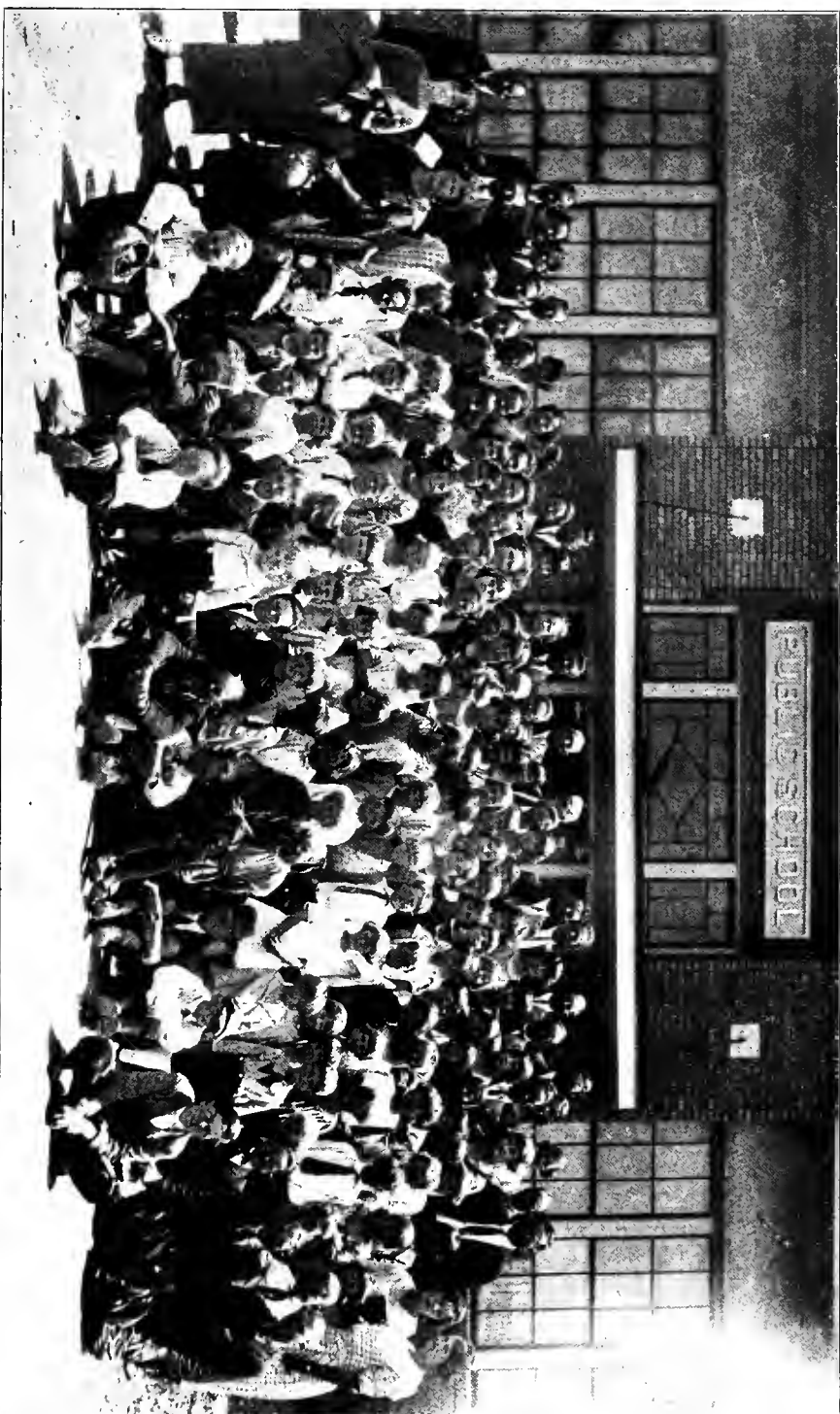
To old and young, to rich and poor
Does Christmas time appeal:
The spirit of the Angel's song
E'en in this day we feel.

To glorify His Father's name
From death to save mankind,
To heal the sick, free all from sin
Was e'er in Jesus' mind.

And as our hearts are drawn to Him
At Christmas time each year,
We all should banish thought of self,
As Jesus did when here.

Just bring good cheer to other folks
By word and actions, then
The Christmas spirit we will feel
Of peace, good will to men.

Ethel R. Lillywhite.



LATTER-DAY SAINTS' SUNDAY SCHOOL, MAYFIELD, UTAH (GUNNISON STAKE)
JAMES JENSEN, SUPERINTENDENT

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK



Superintendents' Department

General Superintendency, David O. McKay, Stephen L. Richards and Geo. D. Pyper

Prelude

Adagio, dolce.

R. KERN



SACRAMENT GEM FOR FEBRUARY, 1925

In memory of the broken flesh
We eat the broken bread;
And witness with a cup, afresh,
Our faith in Christ, Our Head.

Postlude



NOTE: Instructions for playing this music are given in the Choristers' and Organists' Department.

CONCERT RECITATION FOR FEBRUARY, 1925
(First Corinthians, Chapter 2, Verse 9.)

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

Uniform Fast Day Lesson for February, 1925

Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended

We must be a moral people?

Moral is a word of very broad meaning. In discussing this lesson let it be taken as meaning chaste.

God is never arbitrary in dealing with His children. He would have us all live virtuous lives, because of the good that would come to us. For many reasons anything but a chaste living is unthinkable. First, the very life and continuity of the home depend upon it. Teachers should discuss fully with the class how a virtuous life makes for a happy home, how an immoral life wrecks home or even prevents one from ever having a home. How miserable are the children of the unvirtuous! The purest, happiest life is the life of the happily married couple with precious souls from God as the reward of their fidelity one to another.

Secondly, our mental, artistic, and spiritual development depend upon leading moral lives. Morality is one of our greatest assets. It is a reservoir of fine thoughts. The followers of sexual intemperance are the most pitiful of the race. Keen students of this immorality say that unchaste impulses and thoughts drive out high thoughts from the mind. There is no room in immoral thinking for science, literature, art, higher music, religion, God. Satanic cravings have complete mastery of the fallen. Can you cite examples as proof of these statements?

Thirdly, physical pain and attendant ills follow the morally vicious. "Eighty per cent of all children blind from birth, thirty per cent of all adult blindness is chargeable to this disease [sexual disease], as are sixty per cent of all surgical abdominal operations peculiar to women, and nearly sixty per cent of involuntary sterile marriages."—Fairchild "Applied Sociology."

If one saw a small-pox sign on a door,

one would surely not go in there. The morally unclean are not only exposing themselves to diseases more contagious than small-pox but also much more difficult to cure. They also make themselves infamous through their crimes in the eyes of virtuous people.

There is a very close relationship between a pure mind and a pure body. The vulgar and unclean in mind soon heap up a mass of unholy impulses that wreck body and spirit. Carp live in mud and slime; trout in pure water. What is the effect on their flesh? The same is true of the mind. Its environment gives it its bent. Jesus always emphasized this in His teachings. See Matt. 5:27-28. The beginning of crime lies in thought. Stress this point in teaching young people. Show them how infamous the obscene story is because of its evil effects and unvirtuous tendencies.

Fourthly, spiritual death results from immorality. People cannot be unvirtuous and keep God's Spirit. The Lord's Spirit does not dwell in unholy temples. Illustrate this truth from scripture and modern experience.

All history proclaims the truth of the above statements: Sodom and Gomorrah, Rome and Greece fell because they were immoral. Why did God remove Abraham to Canaan? Why this Church to the pure and virile mountain valleys? Surely, the keeping of us morally clean was not His least concern.

What are the dangers that beset the paths of our people, young and old, in this regard? What have poor homes, poor food, small wages to do with immorality? What have late hours, automobile drives, jazz music and jazz dancing, tea and coffee, tobacco, bootleg wines and whiskies? Prostitution and white slavery will not thrive unless men's fallen natures demand them. Brothers, purify yourselves. Then the women will have a better chance to be lovely and virtuous.

Finally, if placed in temptation, put yourselves to this test: "Would mother want me to do it?"

Making the Most of Today's Joy

We can not be sure what will happen tomorrow, and why should we anticipate disagreeable things? Do not cloud today's sunshine by some fanciful shadow which may never material-

ize. Do not lose any present happiness by imagining difficulty in the future. Never meet sorrow halfway. Never ask for an introduction to trouble.—*The Motor.*



Albert Hamer Reiser, General Secretary

FIRST OF THE YEAR WORK

Annual Reports:

If the annual report for 1924 has not been completed by the first of the year, it should be the first bit of work the secretary should undertake. Not later than January 10th, 1925, the ward report should be sent to the Stake Secretary. Plan now to do the work well before that time and give other first of the year work your attention.

Revision of Rolls:

The next important task facing the secretary at the first of the new year is the revision of the class and missionary rolls. In revising these rolls the secretary simply transfers from the class rolls the names of those pupils who have not attended Sunday School for the last six months and places such names on the missionary roll. The effect of such revision is to decrease the Sunday School enrollment as shown by the active class rolls.

Promotions and Renewal of Rolls:

Since the first Sunday in January, 1925 is Promotion Day, the question will arise as to what names should appear on the rolls of each class. In other words, to what class should each child (whose name is retained on the class roll after the revision) be promoted. This is a question to be answered by the superintendency of each school acting upon the suggestions made in the November issue of the *Juvenile Instructor*, page 588. The secretary should, therefore, work in close collaboration with the superintendency and prepare new class rolls as the superintendency may direct.

It is suggested that the secretary note in the "remarks" column or other appropriate place where the name of each child should be placed when the rolls are revised. First, indicate opposite the name of each child whose record shows non-attendance for six months the word "missionary" or some appropriate abbreviation thereof. As the superintendency indicates to which class each child (whose names are not to be entered on the missionary roll) should be promoted, the secretary should enter on the old roll the notation, e. g., "1st Int. 1st yr.," or "Primary," or "Theological 1st."

To do this satisfactorily a meeting is advisable and necessary at which the superintendency and the secretary can go over the rolls together.

It may be advisable for the class teacher to be present when the roll of her class is being revised and renewed so that she may be consulted. Or the superintendency may consult her beforehand.

After providing each class with new and properly prepared rolls the secretary deserves the support of every Sunday School worker in keeping the rolls properly marked and up-to-date. The teacher should enter no names upon the roll, but should submit to the superintendency the names of all pupils who, she thinks, should be enrolled, with record of previous attendance. If the superintendency approves, the secretary may add such names to the class roll.

The secretary may at any time remove names of pupils from either the class or missionary rolls, upon receiving report of the pupil's death, removal from the ward, or absolute refusal to attend Sunday School.



Committee: Charles B. Felt, Chairman; Harold G. Reynolds, Henry H. Rolapp and Robert L. Judd

WORK FOR FEBRUARY, 1925

(For Sunday Schools having only three departments)

Theological—Text: "Outlines of Ecclesiastical History," by B. H. Roberts.

Intermediate—Text: "Our Church and People," by John Henry Evans.

Primary—Text: "Bible and Church History Stories."

See respective departments, this issue, for outlines.

CHORISTERS *and* ORGANISTS' DEPARTMENT

Edward P. Kimball, Chairman; Tracy Y. Cannon, and P. Melvin Petersen

Song for February Fast Day

An especially appropriate song for the Fast Day theme is "Dearest Children." Choristers should call attention to its ideals of personal purity before singing it. Then have the school render it with deep feeling.

Instructions on Playing the Sacrament Prelude and Postlude.

Both the Prelude and Postlude must be played slowly and in a sustained manner in order to make the music of sufficient length and to obtain the harmonic effect desired by the composer. The fingering given may seem strange at first but it makes possible a good legato execution of the music. There is no objection, however, to the organist using another fingering providing it is one that will facilitate a smooth rendition.

Use 8 feet stops of a mellow-tone quality and play with good expression. In the Postlude a stop of more body may be drawn.

Song Analysis

By P. Melvin Petersen

"Choose the Right," Song No. 86,
Deseret Sunday School Songs

"We speak of music particularly in reference to groups, because theirs may be the finest music in the world, which is choral singing."—Frank Crane.

What is choral singing? Before answering that question it would be well to consider the definition of a choral. A choral is a hymn-tune, usually harmonized for four voices—soprano, alto, tenor and bass—having a rather plain melody, strong harmony and a stately rhythm. Then we would say that choral singing is the combining of several voices which produce harmony. If choral singing is "the finest music in the world" surely we want choral singing in our Sunday Schools.

"If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things."

"Choose the Right" is a very inspiring song, when sung from the heart. Considerable precision, strongly accented where indicated, clear, clean cut pronouncing of the words are all essential elements for a successful rendition.

This song is written in four quarter measure, four beats to the measure. One quarter note equals one beat. We shall

beat down, left, right, up for each measure.

The tempo (rate of speed) is not indicated by the composer. A safe and dignified tempo would be 120 quarter notes per minute.

If we examine the song as a whole we will discover that all four parts move together; or in other words, all parts have the same rhythmic figures excepting the tenor in the first measure of the first staff, third measure of the second staff, and the second measures of the fourth and fifth staves. It would be wise and decidedly advantageous to drill upon these rhythmic exceptions in the tenor part.

You will observe that the alto and soprano parts are written in what are called "thirds" throughout the song. This harmony is the very easiest to sing and is also rather interesting to most people. The alto is particularly interesting because it is just as melodious as the soprano.

A song of this type will serve as a medium to develop a strong alto section in your school. Is your alto section developing as it should?

Browning wrote concerning the miracle of the chord:

"But here is the finger of God, a flash
of the Will that can,

Existent behind all laws; that made
them and lo, they are!

And I know not if, save in this, such gift
be allowed to man

That out of three sounds He frame not
a fourth sound, but a star."

When we refer to the harmony of a composition, we usually mean the chords that accompany the tones of its melody. This harmony is found in the bass and tenor of this song.

To our modern ears the melody by itself sounds incomplete until we have added several tones to support the given melody, thus building chords. If you are not convinced of this fact just try singing or playing one part alone, then add the other parts; you will then get the contrast and appreciate the beauty of the harmonic effect.

Choristers, remember that it takes about four times as much work and preparation to develop a four-part song as it does a song in unison. Our enthusiasm must also be greater.

Ruskin said: "Music when healthy, is

the teacher of perfect order; also when depraved, the teacher of perfect disorder."

Luther said: "Music governs the world, it is a gift of God, and it is closely allied to theology." He also said: "One can not question that music contains the gem of all virtue; and I can only compare those whom music does not touch, to blocks of wood or stone. Youth then should be brought up in the practice of this divine art."

"Of all the arts, great music is the art
To raise the soul above all earthly
storms."

—from Music Lesson of Confucius.

The mission of the choristers and organists of the Sunday Schools then, is to develop the finest music in the world, which is choral singing.

What did the Great Teacher mean when He said, "Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for things of itself." We can reasonably say that at least this was meant: Do your duty so honestly and so thoroughly that your mind will have no opportunity to dwell upon what others may think. In the long run, your honest purpose and your faithfulness to your task will bring forth a suitable reward.

If I Speak Just Words of Kindness

DUET.

Gently.

Words and Music by S. B. MITTON.

1. If I speak just words of kindness, Un-to all whom I may meet, If my
2. If I feel that I've been injured By a friend I thought most true, If with-

acts are those of mildness, And my smile is pure and sweet, If my
in my heart has lingered Bit-ter thoughts and feelings too, Let me

love is free-ly giv-en Un-to all, then I am sure That I'll
go to him in kindness, Say to him a lov-ing word, He may

This system features a vocal melody in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff with chords and moving lines. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

catch a glimpse of heaven, And my joy will be se-cure. I'll be
then dispel that hardness, Caused by e-vil I have heard. I will

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

free from words of harshness, Neither bit-ter-ness nor strife Will then
love an err-ing brother, If I'll greet him with a smile, Every

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

mar my soul; but kind-ness And pure love a-dorn my life.
an-gry thoughts 'twill smother, Thoughts that would my soul be-guile.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

*Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, E. G. Gowans, Seymour B. Young,
Charles H. Hart, George N. Child, and Milton Bennion*

WORK FOR FEBRUARY

First Sunday, February 1, 1925

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must be a moral people? (See Superintendents' Department for suggestions.)

**Topics and Suggestions for February
8, 15, and 22, 1925**

General Subject: Success in life requires the observance of certain physical, spiritual and economic laws.

Special Topic: What qualities of leadership in Washington and Lincoln may stimulate a desire for success in our children?

The lesson topic and outlines for Parents' Class work during 1925 are now published in pamphlet form under the title of "Talks to Parents on Home and Life Problems," with questions for discussion, prepared by Prof. Mosiah Hall, and approved by the General Superintendency and Parent Class Department of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board. The pamphlet will be on sale and may be obtained at the Deseret Book Store, Salt Lake City, about the first of the year.

It is suggested that each Parents' Class Supervisor secure as many copies of this pamphlet as possible for use by the members of the class. The possession of such pamphlet will enable each member to come to Sunday School fully prepared to intelligently participate in the class discussion.

The general and special topics for the month should be carefully distributed for discussion during the available Sundays of each month. Such distribution of lesson-material must be determined by each class for itself, but as a general rule it is desirable that each month's lesson should be disposed of during such month.

Questions for discussion are attached to each month's lesson. It is not the intention of the General Board to materially supplement these questions in the monthly issue of the "Juvenile Instructor." As a rule we shall confine ourselves to stating the topic for the month. The additional publication space assigned to this department will be used hereafter for general instruction and comments, relating either to topics then before the Parents' Classes; to subjects affecting the work of our department in union meetings; or to Sunday School matters in general.

Christ's "Forget-me-not"

There is a flower that has a real long name. The name of this flower is made up of three words. The history of this name is very interesting.

One day a young man and his fiancée were walking along the edge of a steep bank near a river. As they walked along the girl saw a flower near the edge of the river. She requested the young man to get it for her. He reached down for the flower. Just as he grasped it he lost his balance and fell over into the river. As he reeled over the precipice he threw back the flower and said, "Forget-me-not," and fell into the stream and was drowned.

The broken bread and the holy cup of the Sacrament of the Lords Supper is Christ's forget-me-not. He instituted this simple ceremony to aid us in remembering the life which he gave for our salvation.

It is a most sacred privilege to partake of these emblems of the death of our Lord. When we eat of the broken bread and drink of the holy cup, with broken hearts and contrite spirits, our hearts are purified, and our minds are elevated and ennobled.

—Nephi Jensen.

THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

Robert L. Judd, Chairman; Albert E. Bowen

First Year—The Apostles of Jesus Christ

LESSONS FOR FEBRUARY

First Sunday, February 1, 1925

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must be a moral people? (See Superintendents' Department for suggestions.)

Second Sunday, February 8, 1925

Lesson 4. The Lord Selected Those of Humble Spirit to Work With Him in the Accomplishment of His Purposes

References: "The Apostles of Jesus Christ," Chapter 3, Smith's Bible Dictionary.

- I. The nature of the call of the Apostles.
 1. What was the procedure employed?
 2. What was the source of the Lord's knowledge concerning the men called?
- II. The call of Peter.
 1. Who he was—his occupation.
 2. A man impulsive and ready for action.
 3. A man fitted to receive instructions for his Master.
 4. For further attributes see text—Smith's Bible Dictionary under "Peter," and Canon Farrar's "Life of Christ."
- III. The call of Andrew.
 1. See sub-heads above.
 2. A man of quiet mien.
 3. Same references except in Dictionary see matter under head "Andrew."
- IV. James, the son of Zebedee, or the great.

See text and Smith's Dictionary under head "James."

Note: Be sure to have class fix in mind firmly these three men.

Third Sunday, February 15, 1925

Lesson 5. The Lord Selected Those of Humble Spirit to Work With Him in the Accomplishment of His Purposes

References: "The Apostles of Jesus Christ," Chapter 4; Smith's Bible Dictionary.

1. The call of John.
 1. Called the beloved.
 2. His occupation.
 3. His nearness to his Lord.
 4. His wish, never to die.
 5. Farrar's tribute to John.
 6. His great message—"Love."
- II. Philip called.
 1. The fifth called to the service by the Master.
 2. His work with the Master.
 3. A sincere believer but constantly required proof.
- III. Bartholomew, or Nathanael.
 1. A man of great faith.
 2. An Israelite in whom there was no guile.

Note: Again emphasize the necessity of connecting these three with the three studied last Sunday.

Fourth Sunday, February 22, 1925

Lesson 6. The Lord Selected Those of Humble Spirit to Work With Him in the Accomplishment of His Purposes

References: "The Apostles of Jesus Christ," Chapter 5; Smith's Bible Dictionary.

- I. The seventh apostle called—Thomas.
 1. He came from Antioch.
 2. Very devoted to his Master and the work to which he had been called.
 3. A man apparently not understanding the full import of Christ's mission and not having sufficient faith to give him an understanding of the resurrection.
 4. His mission.
- II. The call of Matthew the Publican.
 1. Matthew known as Levi.
 2. From the beginning showed great faith in his Master.
 3. A great writer and a wonderfully active missionary.
- III. James—the Little—son of Alphaeus.
 1. Very little known of him.
 2. Not to presume that he was not an active man.
 3. The fact that nothing appears about James emphasizes the need of cultivating friends in whose lives we mean something even though busy with our affairs.

Advanced Theological Department

Outlines of Ecclesiastical History

LESSONS FOR FEBRUARY

First Sunday, February 1, 1925

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must be a moral people? (See Superintendents' Department for suggestions.)

Second Sunday, February 8, 1925

Lesson 4.

Text: Section 3.

Objective: To show that Jesus passed through the natural course of human experience, even to the extent of submitting Himself to the requirements for entry into the Heavenly Kingdom.

Suggestions to Teachers

The class should be induced to read and to know accurately what is said, in the Gospels about Jesus up till the time of His baptism. The significance of such phrases as the following should be reasoned out.

"Jesus increased in wisdom, and stature, and in favor with God and man."

"Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness."

"This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased."

The birth, mission, and calling of John the Baptist should be considered and the es-

sence and burden of his message should be clearly apprehended.

Third Sunday, February 15, 1925

Lesson 5.

Text: Chapter 4.

Objective: To show that Christ is the head and organizer of the Church.

Suggestion to Teachers

The study of this lesson should establish that Jesus had a fixed mission in the world and that He recognized that the accomplishment of it must be effective through the aid of authorized representatives. This lesson may be impressed by considering, (1) The condition leading to the beginning of His ministry, (2) The nature of the doctrines taught by Him, (3) The authoritative finality of His utterances, and (4) the calling and commission of His representatives.

Fourth Sunday, February 22, 1925

Lesson 6.

Text: Chapter 5.

Objective: To show that Jesus experienced the same struggles against error as man must face, and that He pointed the way to ultimate triumph.

Suggestion to Teachers

Consider the reasons for opposition to Christ's teachings; the specific charges brought against Him; the preparation He gave His disciples for the carrying on of His ministry; and the spirit in which He bore His trials and death.

Your Boy

By Bertha A. Kleinman, Mesa, Arizona

There isn't a LAD in the world—not one—

But longs to be big like you,

Who thrills at the sound when you call him "Son"

And copies the things you do,

Whose shoulders braced to the world's demand,

Are squared and broad and strong,

As yours are squared when you take his hand

And lead that boy along.

There isn't a BOY on the wide flung map,

But longs for your manly pace,

Who chafes at the years and the long grown gap.

Till he stands with you face to face;

A kindly giant in miniature,

Evolving might on might—

A god to be just as true and sure

As you lead that boy aright.

SECOND INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT

Harold G. Reynolds, Chairman; Horace H. Cummings and T. Albert Hooper

First Year—Our Church and People

LESSONS FOR FEBRUARY

First Sunday, February 1, 1925

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must be a moral people? (See Superintendents' Department for suggestions.)

Second Sunday, February 8, 1925

Lesson 4. "A New Message to the World"

Objective: To teach that the message of the Latter-day Saints points the way to a better life.

General References: Text book, chapter 4; Roberts—"The Gospel;" Talmage's—"Articles of Faith;" "The vitality of Mormonism," page 336.

Problems and Illustrations: In the development and application of the subject discuss with the class: We can often see the dangers that confront the others, but do not recognize our own dangers; the Lord sees the dangers that beset the ways of His children, and He tries to warn them; the Church of God established in the last days is repeating the warnings to the world, and is pointing the way towards a path that is free from dangerous pitfalls; the way is so marked that he who heeds the marks may arrive safely at the end of his way.

We should examine our direction, and check with the marks, to insure our staying on the right road.

Third Sunday, February 15, 1925

Lesson 5. "A Boy at the Crossroads"

Objective: To teach that one must choose God's way to do God's work.

General References: Text Book Chapter 5; History of Joseph Smith, by himself; Roberts' "New Witness for God," Vol. 1.

Problems and Illustrations: In the development and application of the subject, discuss with the class: the ancestry and training of Joseph Smith as set out in your text; the nature and purpose of revivals; the handicaps experienced by

Joseph Smith in obtaining a school education; Joseph Smith's desire to find the right religion.

Have read in the class the 5th and 6th verses of the first chapter of James.

Fourth Sunday, February 22, 1925

Lesson 6. "The Light That Never Was on Land or Sea"

Objective: To teach that God will light the way of those that seek Him.

General References: Text Book, chapter 6; and the others books referred to in the previous lesson.

Problems and Illustrations: In the development and application of the subject, discuss with the class:

Joseph Smith recognized the way to obtain light; he had faith that his prayer would be answered; when he received the message he humbly accepted it; he knew, and he knew that God knew that he had seen the light; we should, and can have the same courage and determination to stand by what we know to be true, that Joseph Smith had; when we pray, we should have that abiding faith that he exhibited.

Third Year—"What it Means to be a Mormon"

LESSONS FOR FEBRUARY

First Sunday, February 1, 1925

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must be a moral people? (See Superintendents' Department in this issue for suggestions.) Remember, to successfully conduct the fast day lessons, the teacher must outline in detail, and be thoroughly saturated with the subject. Prayerful preparation is the key to successful Sunday School teaching.

Second Sunday, February 8, 1925

Lesson 4. "The Teachings of Christ"

Objective: To show that "Mormonism" teaches the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

General References: "What it means

to be a "Mormon," chapter 4; Matthew 22:35-40.

Problems and Illustrations: In the development and application of the subject, discuss with the class: No religion is vital unless it teaches Christ as the Savior of the world. Every so-called "code of ethics" of sociologists contains principles taught by the Savior. "Mormonism" stresses the things that Christ taught. To be a real conscientious "Mormon," one must be a real Christian.

Topics:

- I. Christianity.
 1. What it is.
(Have the class look up the dictionary meaning.)
- II. Teaches faith in God.
 1. Christ showed complete faith in His Father.
 2. He sought His Father's approval of His acts.
 3. His followers blessed through faith. (See Matt. 9:22; etc., as noted in the text book.)
- III. Teaches self-perfection.
 1. Through physical cleanliness.
 2. Through increase of knowledge.
 3. Through exercise of our powers.

Have the class read passages from the Sermon on the Mount, Matt. chapter 5, 6, and 7. Have the class memorize the 48th verse of the 5th chapter.
- IV. Teaches service to others.
 1. Christ showed the way.
 - a. He lived to serve others.
 - b. He died to serve us.
 2. Christ taught service.
 - a. Story of Good Samaritan.
 - b. "True religion and undefiled," etc.
- V. "Mormonism" teaches service.
 1. To Church.
 2. To country.
 3. To fellow-men.
 4. To family.

Third Sunday, February 15, 1925

Lesson 5. Christ's Church

Objective: To teach that a Church is necessary to carry on Christ's work.

General References: "Text Book, chapter 5; Ephesians, chapter 4; First Corinthians, chapter 12; III Nephi, chapters 12 and 14.

Problems and Illustration: In the development and application of the subject, discuss with the class: Christ knew the necessity of organization to carry on His

work. He showed the necessity of placing responsibility in orderly manner upon those called to do the work.

Topics:

- I. Christ organized His Church while He lived.
 1. Chose apostles.
 2. Chose seventies.
 3. Placed definite responsibility.
(See Eph. 4: 11, 12.)
- II. Organized His Church among Nephites.
- III. Apostles chose others to complete ranks after Christ's death.
- IV. Our Church has same organization.
 1. Name first apostles in this dispensation.
 2. Name present Presidency and Twelve.

Note: In the preparation of this lesson, consult questions at the end of the lesson in the text book.

Fourth Sunday, February 22, 1925

Lesson 6. The Apostasy

Objective: To teach that the true organization and teachings of Christ's Church were abandoned.

General References: Text Book, chapter 6; "Great Apostasy," by James E. Talmage; "Outlines of Ecclesiastical History," by B. H. Roberts.

Problems and Illustrations: In the development and application of the subject, discuss with the class: A change in organization constitutes a falling away from the original. A leaving out of some of Christ's teachings also constitutes a falling away. These things did happen a few years after the Saviors' death.

Topics:

- I. The Apostasy.
 1. Its meaning.
 2. Prophesied.
 - a. By old Testament prophets.
 - b. By Christ.
 - c. By His disciples.
- II. Actually took place.
 1. Shown by the number of different churches.
 - a. Teach different doctrines.
 - b. Have various or no organization.
 2. Ordinances changed.
 3. Referred to by secular writers.
 - a. Admit change in doctrine.
 - b. Point out departure from organization.

Many are not able to suffer and endure prosperity; it is like the light of the sun to a weak eye, glorious, indeed, in itself, but not proportioned to such an instrument.—Jeremy Taylor.



*George M. Cannon, Chairman; Josiah Burrows, Adam Bennion, Alfred C. Rees
and Eugene Hilton.*

FIRST YEAR—BOOK OF MORMON

LESSONS FOR FEBRUARY

First Sunday, February 1, 1925

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must be a moral people? (See Superintendents' Department for suggestions.)

Second Sunday, February 8, 1925

Lesson 4. Obtaining the Plates

Text: Book of Mormon.

Objective: To teach that the Lord helps those who strive to obey Him.

References: I Nephi, chapters 4 and 5.

Teachers: You will point out today the big purpose of obtaining the records from Laban; how great difficulties were overcome; how the disobedient sons failed; how the willing and faithful Nephi succeeded. As you are relating this story to your class, interweave incidents from other periods of time that illustrate that same point concerning faith and obedience: Israelites crossing the Red Sea; Pioneers coming to this land; personal experiences to show how the Lord opens up the way for the fulfillment of His purposes. Keep before the class the sublime faith of Nephi. What opportunities have boys and girls today to show that they have that same faith in doing what the Lord asks them to do?

- I. The Lord's command.
 1. To get brass plates.
 2. To bring them to Lehi.
- II. Laban's plates.
 1. Their history.
 2. Contents.
 3. Their value to Laban.
 4. Their value to Lehi and posterity.
 - a. Affecting their knowledge.
 - b. Regarding their faith.
 - c. As a preserver of the language.
- III. Return for the plates.
 1. Attitude of Laban and Lemuel.
 2. Nephi's willingness.
 3. Experiences of older sons.
 4. Their decision.
- IV. Nephi's experience.
 1. The angel's promise.

2. His meeting with Laban.
3. The Lord's command.
4. Procuring the plates.
5. The servants of Laban.
6. Fright of Nephi's brothers.
7. The safe return.
8. Lehi's joy.
9. His declarations.

Third Sunday, February 15, 1925

Lesson 5. Rebellion in the Wilderness

Text: Book of Mormon.

Objective: To teach that power comes from prayer.

References: I Nephi 7; 16:7; 10:1-11.

Teachers: As an introduction to this lesson point out the preparations which the Lord asks Lehi to make before leaving Jerusalem forever and going out into an unknown, separated land; his family, supplies, seeds, records—and how he must go back and get another family, so that the children can intermarry and begin the foundation of a new race. Let the class describe what preparations any one today would make if a similar mission were had in view.

- I. The Lord's command.
 1. To return to Ishmael and Laban.
 2. The fulfilment.
- II. The reception.
 1. Ishmael's heart softened.
 2. The return journey commenced.
- III. The rebellion.
 1. The older sons obstinate.
 2. Attitude of Ishmael's daughter.
 3. The complaint.
 4. Nephi's challenge.
- IV. Attack upon Nephi.
 1. Purpose.
 2. Exhibition of Nephi's faith.
 3. Results.
 4. The forgiveness.
 5. Repentant spirit of the older brethren.
 6. The return.
- V. The intermarriage.
 1. Laman and Lemuel.
 2. Nephi.
 3. Zoram.

Fourth Sunday, February 22, 1925

Lesson 6. Lehi's Sons

Text: Book of Mormon.

Objective: To teach that obedience

brings happiness; disobedience, sadness.

Teachers: Is the story of Lehi's sons the story of the average family?

Spend today with your class discussing different phases of family life. Bring home the lesson to them. See what their conclusions are about the way Laman and Lemuel acted toward their father and his authority. Why were they rebellious? Why, on the other hand, were Nephi and Samuel obedient? Why this difference in boys (or girls)? What finally came out of Laman's disobedience? Of Nephi's obedience? Are boys today tempted to take the same attitude as did Laman, toward their parents? Let us examine. Boys are asked to do work at home; to assist in little chores; to accept little responsibilities. Do they do these things willingly?

They are asked to go regularly to Sunday School. Do they do it? When they become deacons they are asked to pass the Sacrament? Do they do it regularly? When they grow older they are called as block teachers. Do they accept the call? Then, they are called upon a mission. What does the average Latter-day Saint boy do?

Why the difference between brothers in the same family, of the same parents, with the same kind of teaching and training? See what your class has to say about it.

The thought to come out of this lesson should be that Satan is always trying to get good boys to be disobedient to parents and to the Lord, and if he succeeds, he pays them with misery, unhappiness, and disappointment.

Will boys in your class decide whom they will obey? Will it be Satan or the Lord?

What does the story of Laman and Lemuel teach, by way of warning, to every Latter-day Saint boy?

Bring in familiar illustrations to show how boys are constantly being called upon to decide between obedience and disobedience.

It is one of the biggest lessons of the day in which we live. Make it illuminating and impressive. Give your class a chance in the lesson today, to draw their own conclusions.

THIRD YEAR—LIFE OF CHRIST

First Sunday, February 1, 1925

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we

are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must be a moral people? (See Superintendents' Department for suggestions.)

Second Sunday, February 8, 1925

Lesson 4. Text: "A Life of Christ for the Young"—Weed. Chapter 7 of the Text "The Early Home of Jesus," also Chapter 8 of Text "The First Journey to Jerusalem."

To those who have access to Talmage's "Jesus The Christ," read pages 110 to 113.

Objective: To teach that the simple life aids in development of a great character.

Suggestions to teachers: The Bible gives few details of the Life of our Savior after the return from Egypt. It is known that He with His mother Mary and her husband dwelt in Nazareth and that in that beautiful location and surrounded by rural simplicity He "grew, and waxed strong in spirit filled with wisdom and the grace of God was upon Him." (Luke 2:40.)

The teacher may well impress upon the pupils that many great characters both in Church and State have developed in similar rural surroundings. It was amid similar country scenes, far from the crowded centers of men that Moses received his call from God to go forth and lead the Israelites from their Egyptian captivity.

Joseph Smith, a farmer boy, was likewise answered and received his first vision in the woods near his father's farm. In France, her great national heroine, Joan of Arc, was a country shepherdess. Lincoln, one of our greatest Presidents grew up in a rural district, and any number of similar instances of the development of a splendid love for and desire to serve humanity could be cited.

In chapter 8 the memorable journey to Jerusalem is recounted.

Third Sunday, February 15, 1925

Lesson 5. Chapters 9 and 10 of the Text: "The House of His Heavenly Father" and "Jesus the Carpenter."

See also Talmage's "Jesus the Christ," pages 113 to 118. Also Luke 2:41-51.

Objective: To teach that youth is the time to serve the Lord.

Lesson 5. Why the Rainbow is in the Sky

Suggestions to teachers: Besides references above given consult any life of

our Savior for additional information; being careful not to mix in that which you give to your pupils stories of unnatural doings of the Savior.

His experience as a human being subject to the trials, and hardships of mortals and yet able to resist temptation give us as our Savior and our future King a personage who can sympathize with all our sufferings, forgive our sins and show us how to overcome our weaknesses.

Fourth Sunday, February 22, 1925

Lesson 6. Chapter 11 and 12 of Text: "The Desert—The Jordan;" and "The Baptism and Temptation of Jesus."

For Baptism: Matt: 3:13-17; Mark 1:9-11; Luke 3:1-23.

For Temptation: Matt. 4:1-11; Luke 4:1-13; Mark 1:12-13.

See also Talmages' "Jesus the Christ" Chapter 10.

Objective: To teach that resistance to temptation brings strength.

Suggestions to teachers: In the lesson describing the baptism of the Savior we have much upon which we found our belief in the necessity of the Third principle of the Gospel. It will be well

to have the pupils memorize the words of John the Baptist and of the answer the Savior gave him. Also the words of approval from our Heavenly Father that followed the ordinance.

In the temptations of Jesus we have resistance to practically every kind of temptation to which mortals may be subjected.

1st. To the senses—In the case of the hunger of the Savior after the forty days fast.

2nd. To love of the plaudits of men. The desire to do something wonderful even at risk of danger. The desire to "show off" as children express it. Illustrate in racing, either with horse-drawn vehicles or with autos, etc. Tempting fate (and our Heavenly Father), by tawing risks not wise to take; frequently resulting in injury sometimes resulting fatally to those who take such risks or to those affected by the acts.

3rd. To love of power to the desire to rule our fellow men. Show the price Satan asked for the bestowal of sovereignty. And give the wise answer of the Savior.

Show the victory the Savior won; how Satan was vanquished and make suitable applications of all three replies as they may effect our lives.



Chas. B. Felt, Chairman: Frank K. Seegmiller; assisted by Florence Horne Smith, and Mabel Cook

WORK FOR FEBRUARY, 1925

First Sunday, February 1, 1925

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must be a moral people?

Song: "His Little Ones." (Kindergarten and Primary Songs) Thomassen p. 6.

Memory Gem:

Honest, kind and true I'll be,
And pure in every thought and word,
That God in Heaven watching me,
Shall know His teachings I have heard.

Aim: "He is a wise man who for all his life can keep his mind, and soul, and body clean."—David Starr Jordan.

Point of Contact: How many of you boys and girls have a friend whom you love very much? Why do you love this little friend? Yes, she is good. She is pure. She is truthful. The boys have friends who are brave. They do not use bad language nor tell untruths. They are fair in their games and do not take things that do not belong to them.

Lesson: Who else do you think loves boys and girls like these? Yes, mother and father, but the one who is most pleased of all is?—Heavenly Father. He wants us to be pure and honest, and desires that we choose right rather than wrong. Have you ever heard anyone say, "I like that boy because he is clean?" What do you think they mean—clean only with clothes and face? No, he is clean in his talk in his thoughts and in his actions. He always does right and

does not swear nor lie to soil his mouth. These are the kind of men who lead our Church. Do you think we would love them so much, or God would have called them if they were not good and pure?

I know a little boy who had not had the chance to learn what was right and what was wrong. This little boy used such bad language that no one loved him. He was dirty in appearance and actions. He stole the boys' playthings so that they would no longer play with him, and the girls refused to sit by him in school.

And then one day he learned that there was a Heavenly Father who did not want him to live that way. Would you like to know how he learned it? One Sunday morning a good, kind man took him by the hand and led him out of the streets into the Sunday School. There they sang of Jesus; and it was there that Willie learned that he had been speaking the Savior's name every day in a way that he should not have done. Oh, how many things he heard! The pure thoughts seemed to crowd the wicked ones right out of his mind. He learned how he could be like the man who led him into that beautiful place. He soon began looking of the better things of life and in a few months he was no longer "Willie of the streets" but the boy Heavenly Father intended him to be.

What do you think you can do to show Heavenly Father you want to please Him? Let us tell it together in our Memory Gem.

Lesson 4. Most Wonderful City

Reference: "Bible and Church History Stories."

Second Sunday, February 8, 1925

Lesson 5. Why the Rainbow is in the Sky.

Reference: "Bible and Church History Stories."

Third Sunday, February 15, 1925

Lesson 6. How God Accomplished His Purpose

Reference: "Bible and Church History Stories."

If the general exercises have not referred to Abraham Lincoln, select some song known to your children suitable to the thought of his birth or the national work done by him, and call the attention of the class to him and his work, briefly and without preventing a full consideration of the day's regular lesson.

Fourth Sunday, February 22, 1925

Lesson 7. What a Righteous Man's Prayers Accomplished

Reference: "Bible and Church History Stories."

This being the anniversary of the birth of George Washington, the subject will probably have been taken up in general assembly, but if not we recommend that the subject be called to the attention of the class in some brief way, and that a suitable song be sung.

Preview Questions for February, 1925

1. Give from these four lessons examples of the highest type of service. How were those who unselfishly served rewarded?
2. In what respects were Enoch and the brother of Jared much alike? What was the reward of each for his faith?
3. What is there in these lessons that points forward to the coming of the Savior?
4. Explain the symbolism of sacrifices. Give the most notable instances of such from Adam to the Jaredites.
5. How would you explain to a Primary child why the rainbow is in the sky?



KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT

Wm. A. Morton, Chairman; Charles J. Ross; assisted by Ina Johnson and Blanche Love Gee

(The following lesson for January Fast Day was received too late for publication in the November issue of the Instructor. It is submitted in this number in the hope that it will be in time to help teachers in the presentation of this topic.)

JANUARY FAST DAY LESSON

Text: The Life of Abraham Lincoln.
Topic: Fast Day Lesson. Sanctity of the Home. Abraham Lincoln. Childhood of Abraham Lincoln.

Objective: To teach that if we love and respect those in our homes, we will receive the blessings of the Lord.

Rest Exercise: Have the children tell what they can do in the home to make others happy. Let them tell how they would do it; then they are ready to do it in the class and show others how.

Suggestions to Teachers

Keep in mind that at all times and under all circumstances we can serve the Lord. Also that the Lord is pleased with us when we make others happy.

You may find some other story from the Bible, from life or from Church History that portrays the sanctity of home life and how it influenced the life of the individual. Here we find that by being willing to serve, by being kind and cheerful, in their home life, they gained the love and respect of people. One big thought in this lesson is that the life we live in our home reflects upon the world, as we carry that influence with us.

In presenting this lesson bring it down to the child's own life. Lead him to see that he should be kind, helpful, loving and cheerful in his home, because he wants to be that way in the world, at school with his playmates, etc. Why? Because he wants to please others, to make others happy.

Present each child with a card or cut-out doll on which is written:
"Two little hands are willing to work
In helping others, and never to shirk.
Two little eyes are ready to see
Things that ought to be done by me.
Two little feet are ready to go
Wherever someone asks them to.
One little mouth is ready to speak,
Kind, loving words to all that it meets."
Teach this verse to the children so they

can go home and tell what the dolls told them. The children are supposed to keep these dolls or helpers in their book made especially for this purpose.

LESSONS FOR FEBRUARY

First Sunday, February 1, 1925

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must be a moral people? (See Superintendents' Department for suggestions.)

Second Sunday, February 8, 1925

Lesson 4.

Text: Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten.

Topic: Valentine's Day.

Objective: To teach that the greatest joy comes to us when we help to make others happy.

Rest Exercise: Talk to children about sending valentines, the kind they like to receive and the kind they like to send. Let them show how they are going to send them.

I know an old lady who lives all alone and is ill. What kind of valentines shall we send her? Yes, some flowers. I know some little children that have come from a country across the sea, and they cannot speak our language. What shall we send them? I'm afraid that unless we think of them others will forget them. Let us play sending them valentines now and then some real ones on Valentine Day.

Suggestions to Teachers

Lead the children to see the real purpose of Valentine's Day. The big thought in this lesson is to bring joy to others; to cheer some one who is lonely; to show that we care for others, especially those who are apt to be slighted or forgotten. Let us create a desire within the children to do what Afton did.

Lead the children to see that it is not the cost of the valentine that counts but the love that goes with it. Lead them to see that the valentines we make (the work created by our own hands) bring greatest joy and satisfaction. Stimulate the children to use materials they have

on hand. Give suggestions for the making of simple valentines.

Present each child with a home-made valentine on which is written something like the following: "I love you." "Be ye kind to one another."

Third Sunday, February 15, 1925

Lesson 5.

Text: Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten—First Year. I Samuel 20:14-17; II Samuel 4:4; and chapter 9.

Topic: King David and the Lame Prince.

Objective: To teach that by doing deeds of kindness, we give happiness to others.

Rest Exercise: It is hard for a person on crutches to walk through the deep snow. I am wondering how such a person could be helped. Who will show us how to clear the snow away? Lead the children to see how they could do other things that would be hard for crippled people to do.

Suggestions to Teachers

Lead the children to see that even if a person is crippled, or ill, he can be happy and cheerful and help to make others happy. That we can be brave under all circumstances and that no matter what happens it could have been worse, so that we should be thankful and grateful no matter what comes. That if we are kind and loving, people will want us to associate with them and they will be good to us. David's helpers went ahead of him and that is why the king was so good to David—he liked David's helpers.

You have given the children some of

these helpers before, but today you have given them a new helper—bravery.

Fourth Sunday, February 22, 1925

Lesson 6.

Text: Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten—First Year.

Topic: Kindness to our animal friends.

Objective: To teach that by being kind to our animal friends we show appreciation for our Heavenly Father's handiwork.

Rest Exercise: Let the children suggest what they can do for the animals in winter. Then let them show you how they would do it.

Suggestions to Teachers

Lead the children to see that by being kind to animals, we not only gain their love and kindness, but that we are happy when we make others happy. Lead them to see that even if an animal cannot talk, he can think and feel, and show us how thankful he is for our kindness. Supposing we were animals, how would we like people to treat us? How would the lamb feel if Hettie left it to die?

Use pictures of animals in telling the story, also pictures of children feeding and caring for their pets.

Review Questions for February

1. How does the home influence a child's life?
2. How can we help to influence the child's life by the stories we tell?
3. Define what the Apostle meant when He said, "Be ye kind to one another?"
4. What are some of the best methods for teaching children to be kind to dumb animals?

Feeding His Lambs

"Lovest thou me?"—Christ to His Apostle Peter.

"Thou knowest that I love thee!"—Peter the Apostle to Christ.

For our faithful Sunday School, Primary, and Religion Class workers.

To His thrice repeated question

Ye may each one answer well

Who in earnest zeal and effort

Do so signally excel.

Gathering, preparing, storing,

Planting pure and precious seed—

"Yea! Thou knowest, Lord, I love Thee—

For I love Thy lambs to feed."

Finding strength and hopeful promise

In each sacrifice you make,

Counting gain in giving freely

For His little children's sake.

O! ye glad and noble workers,

Each may answer well indeed—

"Yea- Thou knowest, Lord, I love Thee—

For I love Thy lambs to feed."

—Lula Greene Richards.

RELIGION CLASSES

*Written for the General Church Board of Education by Harrison R. Merrill,
Brigham Young University*

There Are Giants in the Land

When Moses and his followers neared the land of promise after years of wandering in the wilderness, the peerless leader selected twelve spies and sent them into the land of Canaan to inspect the land and to gather information concerning the military strength of the various nations. These men returned in due time carrying with them a mammoth cluster of grapes which they had gathered at Eschol, and some vivid accounts of the gigantic people they had encountered.

"The land, through which we have gone to search it," they said, "is a land that eateth up the inhabitants thereof; and all the people we saw in it are men of great stature. And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak, which come of the giants, and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight."

The giants among the children of Anak, however, judged by their power to do, would be mere children in the hands of the giants of modernity. Since the days of Moses, man has so extended his powers that a boy of twelve, weighing ninety pounds can perform more wonderful feats of strength than could the giants of those days.

Man, it might be said, has extended his body. He has added to his arms, levers; to his ears, wires and the universal ether; to his legs, automobiles and airplanes; to his eyes, the telescope, the periscope, the X-rays. Man with these extensions, has become a giant such as no single brain among the old myth makers ever dreamed of.

Recently, a Utah boy at his breakfast in New York, drew on his "seven league boots" and jumped to San Francisco, for supper; a German captain and his crew boarded his "Mother Goose Sieve," the Z.R. 3 and leaped the Atlantic ocean; the two leading presidential candidates stepped into a room from which they flung their closing campaign speeches broadcast over the forty-eight states; a doctor in Provo turned on his X-rays and examined the roots of teeth bedded in solid bone.

Last October I returned to Provo from Salt Lake City on Sunday, the last day of the conference. On my way south I stepped into a drug store at Murray. As

I entered the door, I discovered a little group about a refreshment table. Suddenly I heard distinctly the voice of President Heber J. Grant, as he bore his testimony in the tabernacle. These people, while they sipped their sodas, were listening to the words of life as they were being delivered in Salt Lake City.

There are giants in the land—wonder workers whose bodies have been added upon by mechanical means until their powers are greater than those ascribed to ancient gods. By exercising these powers, plagues can be loosed upon the inhabitants of the earth or subdued almost at will by the modern magician who has fathomed many of the secrets of nature.

Now giants have tremendous power to work for good, but, unfortunately, they can exercise that power equally as well for evil.

The other day an airplane dropped down from the sky in Chicago. It had leaped the boundry line between this country and Canada with forbidden goods in its hold. A few years ago a German submarine appeared on the surface of the ocean and one of the finest ships that ever sailed the sea with its quota of passengers, among them some of the great spirits of the age, was lost to the world.

Giants are terrible beings unless they are good giants.

Every modern boy and girl is a potential giant. Each is a center of power such as the greatest giant of history never dreamed of being. These young people by the turn of a switch, by the application of a chemical or physical law can set forces in motion that can devastate cities, wreck the largest buildings, sink the finest ships.

Every modern boy or girl is a giant or giantess. The world is in serious danger unless these giants can be trained to be good giants.

The Religion Class is in reality a class of the giants. Education extends the body of the child, places in his possession this fabulous power. The Religion Class is intended to train these potential giants to use their new found powers for good. Civilization, itself, depends for its extension upon the adequacy of that training.

The board of education that fully

senses the responsibility that rests upon those who are supposed to train these young giants, will let nothing interfere with the efficiency of the work.

Another Prize Offer

A volume from "The Little Leather Library" will be presented to the three boys and girls who give the clearest and best account of the Christmas program held in their Religion Classes.

The account is to be written in ink on one side of the paper only. The winning letters will be published in the *Juvenile Instructor*. Address H. R. Merrill, B. Y. U., Provo, Utah.

The letters should reach me by January 1, 1925.

I shall be glad to receive any letters regarding the Thanksgiving program, also.

Have You a Handbook?

Supervisors and teachers of the Religion Classes are expected to have in their possession a Religion Class Handbook. It is the course of study of the classes and is intended to aid in keeping the classes together in their work. It is an effort at standardizing the teaching in order that Religion Classes everywhere may be following the same plan and seeking the same objectives.

The Handbook contains much valuable information, as well as helpful instructions. The new teacher or supervisor will find it of inestimable value in marking out their work.

Religion Class Conventions

The Religion Class conventions thus far held have been, in the main, very gratifying on account of the fact that they have indicated that in many stakes Religion Class work is becoming as automatic, as regular as the day schools themselves. Regularity has been the goal towards which the Board of Education has directed its efforts, for there is really no reason why the Religion Classes shouldn't begin the first week of school.

A few stakes have reached 100 per cent of the day school attendance in many of the grades. They maintain that Religion Class work in their various wards has become as smooth in its workings as any other one organization.

The conventions, as a rule, have been well attended by Religion Class workers. There is no doubt but that much good has been accomplished by them. The afternoon and night meetings have usually been largely attended by parents and young people who really need to come in contact with the work.

Can You Add More Glads?

The other day, that great optimist N. C. Hanks, known to most of us, visited the Brigham Young University, and in the speech he delivered before the student body he expressed the gladness of his heart for many of the natural beauties of earth and sky. In his eternal darkness he has the power to look through the mists to the beauties of creation.

He enumerated a number of things for which he was glad. In a moment of thoughtfulness induced by his talk, I added these "glads" several of which he used also. We all have much to be glad for. I am wondering how many "glads" can be added by Religion Class pupils. They will need to pay no attention to rhyme as I have done. I shall be glad to receive all the "glads" that our little Religion Class friends can think of. Here are mine:

MY GLADS

I am glad for the sun,
I am glad for the rain,
I am glad for the winter
I am sniffing again.

I am glad for the frost,
I am glad for the snow,
I am glad for the warmth
In red cheeks aglow.

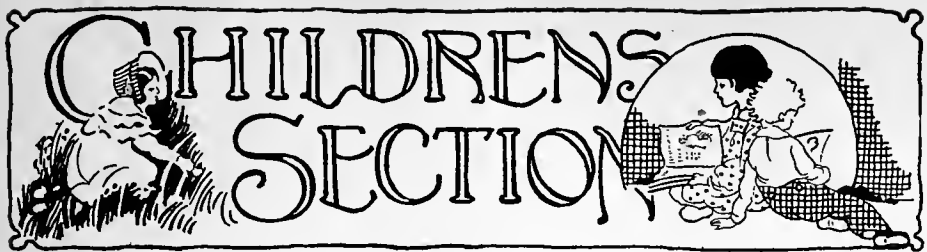
I am glad for the peaks,
I am glad for the trees,
I am glad for the smell
Of the pines on the breeze.

I am glad for the clouds,
I am glad for blue skies,
I am glad for the glances
From sparkling eyes.

I am glad for the stars,
As they twinkle above,
I am glad for pure gladness
That comes with pure love.

If one draws near to God with praise and prayer even half a cubic foot, God will go twenty leagues to meet him.—E. Arnold.

CHILDRENS SECTION

The title 'CHILDRENS SECTION' is written in a large, stylized, outlined font. To the left of the text is a small illustration of a child sitting on the ground, looking at a book. To the right is another illustration of a child sitting on the ground, looking at a book, with a doll lying next to them.

Santa's Mistake

By Amy L. Allen

At the corner of Lincoln Avenue stood little Hettie wistfully gazing into the big glass windows at the dozens of beautiful dolls on display. Dolls of all sizes dressed in beautiful silks and laces, dolls with blue eyes and dolls with brown eyes who smiled at you while holding out their little chubby hands in a way that just seemed to say, "Take me, I love you." That was exactly what little Hettie thought they were trying to say to her as she looked at them through the window.

Just then someone brushed her arm and said in a low, sweet voice, "Oh, aren't they lovely?. Which one is Santa going to bring you?"

"He isn't going to bring me any of them," said little Hettie with tears in her eyes.

"Why?" asked Dorothy.

"Because mama says Santa never comes to poor people."

"Oh I'm sure that is a mistake. My mama says he loves everyone the same. I always write to him and tell him the best? I love the blue one. Mama the letter to post and he never forgets if you give him your street and number."

"Oh," said little Hettie, "would he do that for me?"

"Sure. Which dolly do your like the best? I love the blue one. Mama says I must always choose the blue for it just matches my eyes," said Dorothy.

"I love the dolly in pink," said little Hettie. "The one with sparkling eyes. If you are sure he will send it I'll run right home and write him my letter."

And without waiting for a reply she turned and sped across the street, through the gate and into the little brown house.

Just then the door of the big store swung on its hinges and a lady dressed in big beautiful furs appeared. Turning to Dorothy she said, "Come, dear, we must hurry home."

"Oh mama I love the big dolly in blue with the yellow curls best," said Dorothy.

"I must say you have good taste, dear, but come, I'm in a hurry." They stepped into the big car waiting at the curb and were soon speeding away and lost to view.

The few days remaining before Christmas soon flew by as the preparations in the big house on Greenwood Avenue continued. They were days full of mystery and excitement, but at last all was ready and Dorothy stood waiting at the drawing-room door. Almost before she knew how it happened she was shaking hands with old Santa and he was saying in the jolliest of voices "Merry Xmas to you Dorothy" and smiling in such a pleasing way she forgot to be afraid. He picked her up and perched her on his shoulder while he danced around the tree and the tinkling bells around his waist kept time to the happy laughter. Then he placed her in the big leather rocker and filled her lap with the lovely things from the heavily laden tree. She never before had so many beautiful presents and she thought she never saw such a lovely star as the one that shone from the top of the great tree. And oh! that wonderful doll! Could it be the one she had seen that day through the big window at Lincoln? It looked so

much larger as it hung there with the light from the beautiful star shining on it. Her lap was full already. Then Santa placed something in her arms that almost took her breath away, tears sprang to her eyes and ran down her cheeks.

"Why Dorothy what is the matter?" asked her mother.

Springing to her feet while her toys fell unheeded on the floor, Dorothy said, holding up a dolly in a pink dress for mama to see, "This is not my dolly, Santa has made a mistake."

"Pshaw!" said Santa, "There has been no mistake. There are many dolls just alike. That doll was made for you, dear, so come and receive the rest of your presents and be happy."

"Mama," sobbed Dorothy. "There has been a mistake. This doll belongs to little Hettie. I was there when she picked it out. Please mama let us go and take it to her."

"My dear," said her mama, "don't make such a fuss, you're spoiling your evening."

"But mama I can't be happy unless I can take Hettie her dolly."

So to pacify the child the mama ordered the big car to be brought and leaving old Santa to his own amusement they whisked off to the little brown house across the street from Lincoln Avenue.

Little Hettie had donned her white nightie and kneeling at the side of the bed asked her Heavenly Father not to forget to have Santa leave the little pink dolly. The mama had listened to the child's prayer, tucked her in and stooped and kissed her good night with the tears just ready to fall. She passed quickly out into the little kitchen, dropped into a chair by the kitchen table and took a crumpled piece of paper from her pocket and read, "please Santa don't forget to send the little pink dolly, that's all, Hettie." The tears sprang afresh to the mother's eyes for she knew there was not a cent of

money in the house and if there was, where could she find Santa at this late hour. The gate clicked and the mother sprang quickly to her feet, wiping the tears from her face. "Who could be coming here at such a late hour she thought."

A step on the walk and a ring at the door-bell awakened little Hettie. Springing from her bed she crossed the floor. She was just in time to see mama open the door and hear someone say, "Excuse me lady but there has been a mistake. This parcel has been left at 651 Greenwood Avenue. It is labeled 'Little Hettie.'"

"Oh mama, it's my pink dolly." In a moment Hettie had it in her arms and was tearing the paper wrappings away.

"See mama!" said Dorothy looking through the car windows standing at the gate. "That's little Hettie. Isn't she dear? Just see how happy she looks! I'm so glad!"

The big car was soon speeding back to Greenwood Avenue and it was hard to say which of the two little girls was the happier.

Next day a basket filled with Xmas goodies found its way to the little brown house across from Lincoln and tucked away in one corner was a purse containing a \$5.00 bill.

"Oh mama," said little Hettie, "Santa does come to poor people's houses doesn't he?"

"Yes, dear!" said mama with tears in her eyes.

Amber Eyes' Christmas Gift

Amber Eyes lay before the open fire in her pretty basket. In front of her dangled three half-filled stockings, for this was Christmas Eve.

Mother, father, and children were fast asleep in bed, the stockings were filled with fruit and candy, and the presents were on the big table in the corner of the room, waiting for morning. Upstairs the children dreamed of

them and smiled in their sleep; and their parents smiled in theirs as they dreamed of the children's happiness.

But Amber Eyes was not purring, which was her way of smiling, nor was she happy. No, indeed, not even though she knew that on the table was a lovely new ribbon bow like the one she wore. Amber Eyes was worried. Beside her in the basket were three little baby kittens, fast asleep—black, gray, yellow and white—the three prettiest kittens a mother cat ever had. And it was about them that Amber Eyes was worrying.

"Dear me," she thought, "it is just about time for them to disappear. Just as I get my kittens well trained and beginning to behave as well-bred kittens should, they disappear, and what becomes of them I never know. Of course every cat knows that her kittens must go away into homes of their own, but how am I to know they are well placed? Kittens are such a care that a mother feels it her duty to see they have proper homes. I must do something at once, or I fear it will be too late."

She thought long and hard for a mother cat, but at last an idea came to her. "The very thing!" she exclaimed. "The very thing! I must begin to get them ready at once, for it will be morning very soon now, and I must get them settled before then."

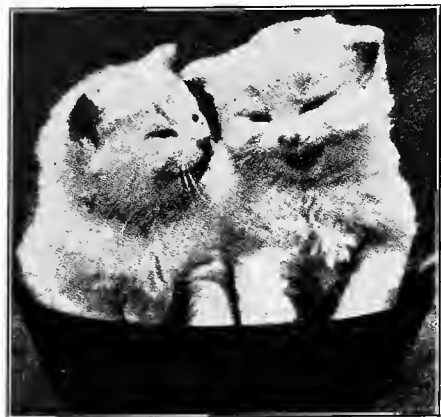
She began to wash Blackie with the little pink tongue that mother cats use to wash their babies, and he soon woke up under her vigorous scrubbing and mewed a faint protest.

"Be still," mother cat said to him with a little cuff of her paw. "I have lots to do before morning. There, you are clean now. Come Gray and Daisy, you must be washed, too," and soon all three kittens were as clean from the tip of their noses to the end of their tails, and the little pink cushions on their tiny feet, as kittens could be.

Then Amber Eyes took Blackie by the neck, jumped to the top of the Morris chair, then to the mantle-shelf over the fireplace, and dropped him *right into little sister's half-filled stocking*. Then Gray's turn came, and he found himself in Donald's stocking. Last of all mother cat dropped Daisy into the stocking that belonged to little Cousin Elizabeth—Cousin Elizabeth, who had come with her mother and father to spend Christmas.

"There," Amber Eyes said as she went back to her basket, "I have done the best I can. Blackie and Gray will be safe under my eyes until they are old enough to know how to behave, while I am sure I can trust Daisy with that sweet little girl who stroked them all so softly this evening. Then stretching herself comfortably, she put her head on her paws and fell asleep.

In the morning when the children—Donald, Little Sister and Cousin Elizabeth—raced downstairs for their stockings, they found each kitten just where mother cat had dropped it, curled up—fast asleep. Did they keep them? Well, did you ever know anyone who refused a Christmas present?—Emma Florence Bush in "Our Dumb Animals."



MISCHIEF MAKERS

—Courtesy "Our Dumb Animals."

Christmas Eve in Gooseville

By Estelle Webb Thomas

Freddie and Bit Brother were writing to Santa Claus. That is, Freddie was writing a neat, careful letter, and Bit Brother, who you know very well didn't know A from Z was sprawled flat on his stomach before the fire, laboriously endeavoring to copy the contents of a large cardboard propped before him against a chair leg. Santa Claus would surely need all his wisdom to read what Bit Brother had been writing.

Big, tipsy letters were sprinkled here and there over the page, some of them leaning wearily against others, some off in corners apparently pouting. From the dark, smudgy streaks that were far more plentiful than the letters, one would suppose that Bit Brother had been writing with his eraser rather than the point of his pencil. And the point was usually broken off. Freddie had already sharpened it patiently three times, and when it broke again, Bit Brother sat up with a jerk, threw down the offending pencil, and dug both dimpled fists into his eyes, adding fresh recruits to the grimy smudges already adorning his pretty face.

His eyes were drowned in tears, his little mouth was the shape of a new

moon wrong side up, and altogether he looked like three rainy days. But suddenly a bright idea broke like sunshine through the clouds. Bit Brother had noticed that he was sitting cross-legged on the magic rug!

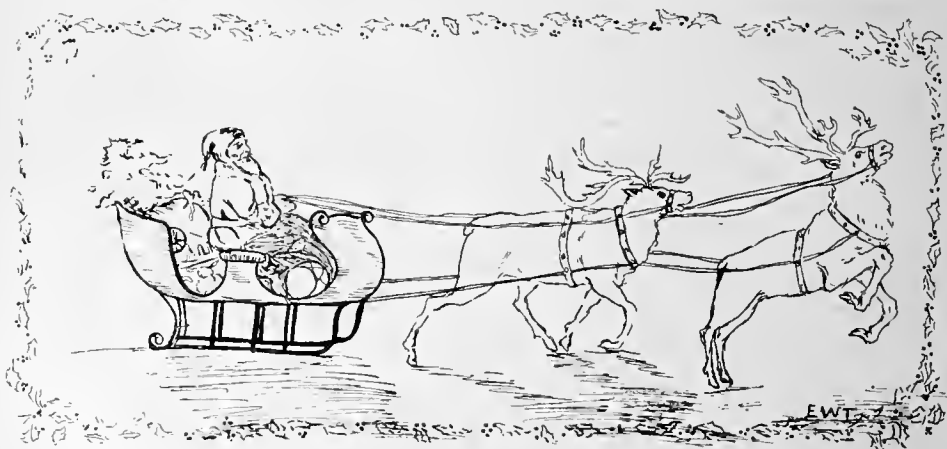
"O Freddie," he cried excitedly, "Let's not write to Santa, let's go to Gooseville and see him!"

"But Santa doesn't live in Gooseville," said Freddie, then at sight of Bit Brother's crestfallen look he added, "He would be there tonight, though, taking them their gifts; maybe we can catch him."

So it was that the magic rug deposited two eager little boys at the edge of the Enchanted Forest just as the short winter day was drawing to a close, and Christmas Eve had at last arrived.

It may seem almost unbelievable, but their feet had hardly touched the crisp, crumply snow, than the silvery chime of sleigh bells smote their ears.

"Oh, Freddie, it can't be true, but it is!" whispered Bit Brother, clutching Freddie's mittened hand very tightly, and almost dancing in his excitement. Then suddenly out of the shadows on the trees came a hearty voice, "On, Dunder! On, Blitzen! What ails



"On Dunder! On Blitzen! What ails these deer, anyway?"

those deer, anyway? On, on, I say, We've no time to waste! Whoa, then, while I see what you are shying at!"

The tinkle of the bells ceased, and the sharp patter of tiny hoofs on the crusted snow, and there emerged from the shadows the round, jolly figure of Santa Claus, just as he is in the picture books, only more—more everything.

While the boys stood dumb with delight, he came toward them at a swift stride, saying in a voice which he meant to be stern, though his eyes twinkled, "Boys is it! Those rascals Boy-Blue and Jack Horner, I'll be bound, come to meet me just as they did last Christmas! I thought I told you boys—" he stopped suddenly as he saw the boys were not Goosevillians at all, and Freddie, who had got his voice back said quickly, "We are Bit Brother and Freddie, Santa Claus, and we tried to write to you, and it wasn't a success so we thought we'd try to catch you on your way to Gooseville and tell you—"

"And didn't know that it was a capital crime to stop Santa when he is in a hurry," interrupted that gentleman with a twinkle.

"Well, to punish you, I'll make you get into my sleigh, take you to Gooseville and make you help me fill all the little Villians' stockings."

He bundled the happy boys into his sleigh, pulled the warm robes about their knees, and shouted to his reindeer already prancing in their impatience to be off.

Bit Brother was crowded in between Santa Claus and Freddie until the breath was nearly squeezed out of his fat little body, but he would gladly have suffered a great deal more discomfort under the same conditions, and only snuggled closer to Santa Claus and pinched himself to see if it were true.

They were scarcely started well again, and were bounding through the forest at a far greater rate than Dad-

dy's automobile ever went, when hark! Above the merry chime of the sleigh bells came the unmistakable sound of some one crying. "Drat the woman," said Santa Claus, impatiently, for the high wails were plainly in a woman's voice. "We'll never get all the stockings filled by morning at this rate!" But he drew up his reindeer nevertheless, and called out, "Hello, there, what's the trouble?"

"O Sir, and is it yerself, Santa?" inquired a teary voice, and the fat roly-poly figure of Mrs. Dumpty waddled into view. "'Tis a sorry Christmas Eve ye'll find at our house, the night, sir, for our Humpty has gone and got himself lost, so he has!" Her sobs began again and she wailed loudly, "I just knew he has got onto something high and fallen off, he was always such a one for climbing!"

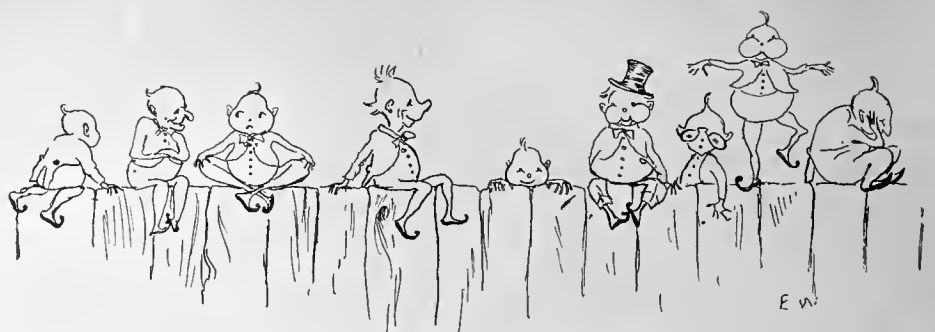
"Well, well," said Santa Claus sympathetically. "He's all right, never fear!" He thought quickly, "I simply must get at those stockings, but here is Freddie,—climb in, and when we get to Gooseville, he may get out and help you find the boy while the little one, here, and I, make our rounds!"

"O thank you, sir,," said Mrs. Dumpty, gratefully, settling her all too solid little body comfortably on a bulging sack with what Freddie feared would be disastrous results to the toys within it. "And Freddie's a bonny boy to be so willing to help a poor old body in trouble."

Freddie smiled at her reassuringly, and concealed whatever disappointment he may have felt at the change of plans, deep in his manly little heart.

Already Santa was stopping again, for the lights of Gooseville were twinkling brightly through the snowy air. Mrs. Dumpty and Freddie climbed out quickly, and with a wave of the hand and a bluff "good luck," Santa dashed on again.

"Well," said Freddie, as he and Mrs. Dumpty faced each other rather for-



Nine Little Goblins That Had No Sense

lornly in the snowy street, "I believe you had better go home and get warm and dry, Mrs. Dumpty, and let me take a look for Humpty, by myself. You look so tired and cold, and then you could have a nice hot supper ready for him when I find him."

His thoughtfulness and assurance heartened Mrs. Dumpty and she accepted his offer with alacrity. "You might look in the house that Jack built," she called back to Freddie, still standing irresolute, trying to plan his first move. "He always liked to rummage there, and probably he's fallen down the stairs!" With this cheerful suggestion she turned on homeward, and Freddie was left to his own resources.

He decided first to explore all the outskirts of the little village, for the great dark house that Jack built, which was the source of much village tradition, looked singularly uninviting to Freddie. Not that he was afraid; O no, I am sure we all know Freddie well enough by now to know that he was really not afraid of anything, but you know how unsociable an empty house looks at night. So he struck off down the long lane, at the end of which was Cross Patch's little cottage. He had run only about half-way down the lane when he noticed sitting motionless on the high board fence that enclosed it, the nine little goblins with green eyes—you know them—the nine little goblins that had no sense

and couldn't tell coppers from cold mince pies.

"Perhaps they know something about Humpty," thought Freddie, and though they gave a creepy feeling all up and down his spinal column, he said boldly—but politely, "How do you do?—Er—Do you happen to know anything about Humpty Dumpty?" There was silence for a moment and then the little goblins all began swinging on the fence top, to and fro, to and fro, and singing in dreadfully cracked voices:

"You're asleep, you're asleep! There is no board fence

And no little goblins with green glass eyes

It is only a vision the mind invents

After a supper of cold mince pies!"

"No such thing!" denied Freddie indignantly. "Do you think my mother would let me eat cold mince pie for supper, or any other time, for that matter? I think you are very rude and I don't want any of your help to find Humpty!" He had started on again when the third little goblin leered down at him, and he had no lids on his eyes at all, and he said with a very dreadful grin, "Humpty Dumpty has had a great fall!"

"A fall!" cried Freddie, remembering Mrs. Dumpty's dire prophecy. "And where is he now?" The Goblins were perversely silent but even as he spoke, Freddie descried a little

white heap farther on down the lane. He ran on, calling excitedly, "Humpty, Humpty, are you much hurt?" Like an echo came the voice of a bold-faced goblin, gray and grim, chanting as if in pain,

"All the king's horses, and all the king's men,
Couldn't put Humpty together again."

"Of course not!" muttered Freddie, bending over poor Humpty, for whom he feared concussion of the brain at the very least. "This is not a job for horses or men, this is a job for Dr. Foster!"

"Yes, yes," murmured poor Humpty, who, it seemed, was conscious after all, "please take me home and get the Doctor. I fell off the board fence, or the goblins pushed me off!"

As Freddie stood wondering how he was ever going to get Humpty Dumpty home, who should come flying slowly along the lane but the White Gander, who had been to deliver a little Christmas parcel to Cross Patch from Mother Goose.

Freddie hailed him with delight and the White Gander who was always accommodating, gladly undertook the delicate task of getting the invalid home.

While Mrs. Dumpty with tears and motherly scoldings got Humpty into his little white bed, Freddie ran swiftly to the home of Gooseville's loved physician. A solemn-faced nurse met him at the door.

No, indeed, the Doctor couldn't go anywhere. Hadn't he heard? The Doctor nearly had pneumonia, or at the least a dreadful cold. It was that wretched trip to Gloucester that did it. He went in a shower of rain—And well, she guessed it would be a long time before he did such a foolish thing again!

Then observing Freddie's disappointment she suggested, "Why don't you try vinegar and brown paper?

That's what they used when Jack fell down the hill and broke his head."

"Perhaps that would help," agreed Freddie, turning away, but the talkative nurse detained him. "Do you know how the Queen's maid is?" she asked.

"The Queen's maid, is she sick?" asked Freddie in his turn.

"Well, I should suppose she didn't feel very well," remarked the nurse, "with her nose snipped short off!"

And at Freddie's look of horror she added, "I see you don't know a thing about it, though where you have been I can't think, all the furore that has been made about that little accident, sending here twice for the Doctor and he would be foolish enough to get right out of bed and go if it wasn't for me," she interposed virtuously. "I simply don't let them tell him. He thinks that the whole of Gooseville is as sound and hearty as they were when he sneezed his first sneeze. And he's going to think so until he's good and well. It seems that the Doctor can't enjoy a little illness of his own without the whole of Gooseville must get something wrong and send for him. Well, about the maid.—It seems that the baker made a great pie for a Christmas surprise for King Cole. It was not to be opened until tomorrow, but as it sat on the pantry shelf, the maid noticed a sort of twittering sound that seemed to come from inside the pie. She stood it as long as she could and then her curiosity got the better of her, and she broke off just a tiny bit of the crust and peeped in. Well, what do you suppose she saw? A whole flock of black birds—The baker says there were twenty-four of them—all alive! You may be sure the maid slapped that bit of crust back on and slipped away, so that the damage would be laid to the cat—you know how maids are. Well, it seems, one of those blackbirds pushed away that piece of broken crust and flew out. As he flew threw the kitchen yard, there

stood the maid hanging out the Queen's best Irish linen tablecloths and napkins, which she won't trust to the wash-woman, but has her very own maid do—well, there she stood hanging them out with her nose as red as a cherry, what with the cold and her habit of eternally rubbing it, and that sancy bird, either through mistake or mischief, nipped it off and flew away with it!"

"How dreadful!" gasped Freddie, at the end of this long recital, to which he had listened with interest, though he knew he should be gone. "What will she do?"

"Oh, I don't know that it's so dreadful," replied the nurse heartlessly. "I'd be glad of a new nose if I had such a one as hers, both because of its looks and its habit of sticking itself into other people's affairs. I'm sure when the Doctor gets about he can fix her up a much more becoming one. For the present," she added, turning back into the house, "the candlestick-

maker has made her one of tallow, which they say does very well."

"And how did they find out the cat didn't break the pie?" called Freddie, who always wanted all the details.

"The Queen's Cat is on a diet, that's why," responded the nurse, obligingly sticking her head out again. "She doesn't eat a thing but cream-toast and catnip tea, and besides she never was known to piece between meals!"

Mrs. Dumpty received Freddie's bad news with calmness. "I think Humpty will do nicely, now," she said placidly. "You see, I have him well plastered all ready and have soaked his feet in mustard-water, and now he is resting like a baby." Freddie glanced toward the bed where Humpty lay sleeping, so bandaged that very little of the original boy could be seen. "He is just like his father," continued Mrs. Dumpty, rocking and knitting as she spoke. "There was a bad egg, if there ever was one, and Humpty has the same habit of taking risks. I have of-



Poor Humpty

ten told him he would come to a bad end if he didn't mind me, and maybe it's a good thing this happened. It will be a lesson to the boy."

The jingle of sleigh-bells interrupted her moralizing, and Santa's jolly, round face was stuck in at the door. "Oh, here you are!" said he, addressing Freddie, and then to Mrs. Dumpty, "How's the boy? Tell him Santa Claus has left him something to make him well," he went on, not waiting for her answer, and thrusting a mysterious looking package into Humpty's stocking as he spoke and piling others on the table. "I'm being extra good to him because of his accident, and giving him all of Freddie's toys, too!"

He winked merrily at Mrs. Dumpty, and Freddie knew he didn't mean a word of *that*!

"And now, young man," said Santa as he turned to go, "here's a pretty kettle of fish! That little brother of yours, fell fast asleep in my sleigh and I've nearly put him on a dozen Christmas trees, thinking him a sleeping doll. Now, I'll have to make a special trip to your home to take him and I was not intending to go there tonight at all!" He winked again, and Freddie was still laughing at his joke, when he climbed in beside Bit Brother,

curled up like a sleepy kitten in Santa's furry robes.

"Now, mind," admonished Santa Claus, as Freddie staggered off to bed with Bit Brother, "don't you so much as peep with one eye through the key hole, or I'll know it, and I'll—I'll—I!" But before he could think of a dreadful enough threat, the Sandman, who had been lurking in the hall had bundled Freddie off to Dreamland, and the very next sound he heard was his mother's cheery, "Merry Christmas!"

Mother Goose

E. Heloise Merkley

"Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,"—
I'd rather sit in a tree!
"Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,"—
What can that "tuffet" thing be?

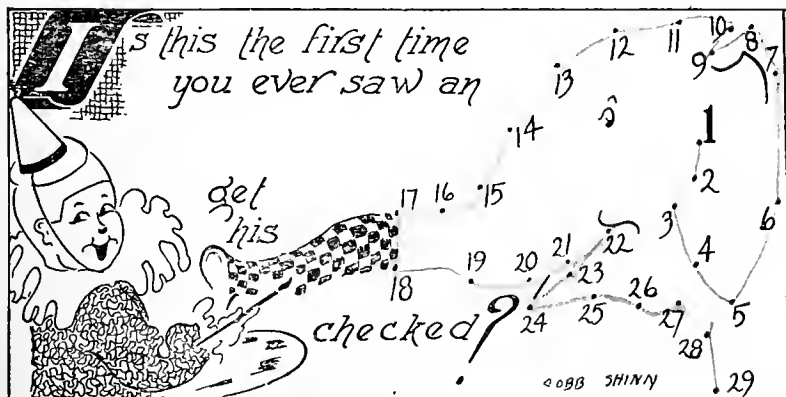
Little Jack Horner pulled out a plum—
Raisins are better than that!
Little Miss Muffet was scared by a spider—

She'd be afraid of a cat!

Mother Goose children are all very
silly—

That is—the most of the times—
But when I'm left all alone in the dark,
I keep brave, saying their rhymes.

Daffodilly Dots



Draw a line from dot 1 to dot 2 and so on and see what is hidden in the picture.

Alicia's Dream

By Matilda Chase

I

Alicia was a very little girl, just six years old, with bright, blue eyes and yellow curls. She always wore clean, white dresses and white shoes and stockings.

Fluffy White was the name of her little kitten. She named her Fluffy White because she had such white, fluffy fur.

One day when Alicia was in the garden hanging out her dolly's clothes, a pretty little yellow summer bird flew into the plum tree right by her and sang in sweet, little notes:

"Little maid so clean and fair,
Come go with me up in the air
Up in the air and far away
To the cloud land for a day."

Little Alicia was so surprised that she called Fluffy White to hear what the birdie had to say, and the little bird sang again:

"Little maid so clean and fair,
Come with me up in the air
Up in the air and far away
To the cloud land for a day!"

Fluffy White held her tail straight up, which meant she was very happy, and she brushed up against Alicia's legs and mewed in her cat language. "Oh, yes, Alicia, let's go up into the cloud fairyland—"

"But she was interrupted, for the yellow bird chirped, "No, no, no! I do not want Fluffy White to go, I am very much afraid of cats. They are so mean to little birds. Please, please, Alicia, don't bring her along!"

When Fluffy White heard what Yellow Bird said, she cried and cried. Alicia took her up in her arms and petted her. Then she said, "Fluffy White is a good kitty cat; she is a pet and pets never harm anyone."

The little kitten wiped her eyes with her paw and mewed, "I love little birds, especially yellow ones. I won't hurt you, please let me go with you and Alicia."

Just then a big, white cloud came sailing over the deep, blue sky. Mr. Sun sent his bright rays on it, and it looked like hundreds of beautiful pearls."

"Chirp! Chirp! Look, look!" said Yellow Bird. "Here comes the big ship to take us to cloud land."

Alicia looked up and saw a big, beautiful cloud, so she asked, "How can we get up there and what shall I wear?"

"Chirp, chirp, chirp!" said little Yellow Bird, "put on your cleanest white dress and bring your white umbrella. I will show you the way."

"May Fluffy White go too?" she asked.

"Chirp, chirp! Oh yes, yes! Hurry, hurry!"

So Alicia ran as fast as she could into the house and soon she came out with her face and hands clean, a clean white dress on and she carried a little white umbrella. Fluffy White followed right behind her. She had on a little white sunbonnet.

"See, see!" said Alicia, "the big white cloud is sailing fast? Tell me please, little bird, how can we get up to it?"

"Chirp, chirp, run over there and get that box, then put it here by the tree. Now get up on it and climb upon the big limb; then up, up to me. Fluffy White will follow; you know kitty cats can climb very easily."

Alicia did as she was told and was soon up to where Yellow Canary perched. Fluffy White was right behind her.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" cried Alicia



"Little maid, so clean and fair
Come go with me up in the air."

sadly looking down. "I have left my umbrella on the ground."

"Don't cry," said Fluffy White, "I can get it quickly for you." So she climbed down and brought Alicia's umbrella back in her mouth.

"Chirp, chirp, chee, chee, chee—chirp, chirp, chee, chee, chee," said Yellow Bird.

Little Alicia heard the wind say, "Whoo-oo-oo, what do you want?"

"Please, Mr. Wind, bring the beautiful cloud ship over here, so we can get in it, we want to take a trip to cloud fairland," Alicia answered.

"Whiz, whizity, whiz!" went Mr. greeted them! Hundreds of cloud ship sailing towards them.

"Isn't it pretty?" said Alicia, clapping her little hands..

Down, down it came and just as it got right near the tree, the captain blew a big whistle and it stopped. Then the sailors let down the little, white ladder, and Yellow Bird, Alicia, and Fluffy White climbed up into the cloud.

Oh, what a wonderful sight greeted them. Hundreds of cloud people were there; all of them dressed in white, even the captain and sailors. So of course Alicia was very glad that she wore her clean, white dress and Fluffy White was so happy that she had white fur.

The captain stood upon a high stand and called out, through a funny-looking horn, "Attention, everybody! Our friend, Mr. Yellow Bird, has brought to us today, little Alicia, and her pet kitten, Fluffy White. Everyone must treat them kindly and help them to have a good time." Then he jumped down and came to where Alicia and Fluffy White were, and all the little cloud people shouted, "Welcome, welcome!" and they bowed very low to the new little friends.

The captain continued, "Today we are going to a big party on that mountain top in the distance. All the cloud people who can will be there."

"Oh, how wonderful this is," said Fluffy White joyfully.

Alicia noticed that all the little cloud people wore white caps, little white, fluffy suits and white shoes. Their eyes were little and bright and their arms and legs were short and fat.

"What dear, little people," said Kitty cat. "I wonder if they will like me?"

"Come over here, dear friends," said one little fellow, "we have a very nice place for you to sit and rest yourselves."

The sun was quite hot, so Alicia put up her white umbrella. All the little cloud people looked very hard at it for they had never seen one before. They loved the sun to shine on them and always felt badly when he tried to hide behind their boats and houses.

Alicia sat down on the big white sofa they had prepared so nicely for her. Fluffy White sat by her side and little Yellow Bird perched on the mast. Some of the cloud people talked very fast to Alicia and Fluffy White. They said Yellow Bird knew the cloud people very well. They always took him on their trips. He was a very dear friend to them and helped to carry their messages to other clouds. If it were not for Yellow Bird, they wouldn't be able to give the big party, because it is so hard to let all the cloud people know where to assemble. Mr. Wind helps a great deal, but he is always so busy, he can't always leave his work to deliver their messages.

Mr. Wind has to blow the rain clouds to the farmers, so their gardens will grow. When he doesn't hurry and work very hard, the rain cloud people get very angry. They flash bright streaks at him and growl and scold him. Sometimes they get so angry that the people down on earth can hear them very plainly. Sometimes they get frightened but they shouldn't because the little raincloud people never harm anyone on earth, they just have battles among themselves way up in the sky.

The pretty white cloud people never

get angry, though! They are always smiling and happy.

"Chirp, chirp!" said Yellow Bird, "we have just five miles more to go."

II

Alicia had been so interested in the little people that she had forgotten entirely about the things of interest they were passing, so she walked over to the side of the boat and looked all around. She looked up and all she could see was sky, sky, beautiful, clear, blue sky. She looked back of them and saw a pretty white cloud wave. When she looked forward she could see in the distance many beautiful white clouds, all going towards the mountains. And below them, way, way down she could see tiny little houses with red roofs, little windmills, tiny cows and horses and beautiful gardens. They all looked so small because she was so high up in the air. Even the trees looked like little green bushes and the lakes looked like looking glasses.

Down flew Yellow Bird from the mast and sat on the edge of the boat by Alicia. Little Fluffy White ran over to hear what he had to say to her.

"Chirp chee, chirp chee. I think I shall fly over to the mountain now and tell the cloud people who arrive first that we are going to have guests to-day."

Whiz! Buzz! went his wings and away he flew.

Alicia took Fluffy White up in her arms and they both watched Yellow Bird fly until he looked like a little speck.

Wrickety, wrickety, wrickety and wrickety went the big boat. The cloud people nearly all fell down and Alicia would have fallen also, had she not held tightly to the side of the boat.

"Meow, meow," said Fluffy White. "What is the matter?"

"Hold on tightly," said the captain, "Mr. Wind is going to help us." And sure enough, a big breeze went right over their heads, then another and an-

other and the big ship began to rock and sail very fast.

Alicia's hair blew straight back and she had to put down her umbrella to keep it from blowing inside out.

Soon the big boat turned a little and Alicia could see that the captain was steering it towards a beautiful, high mountain peak. They were going much slower now and the little people began to get very anxious and excited.

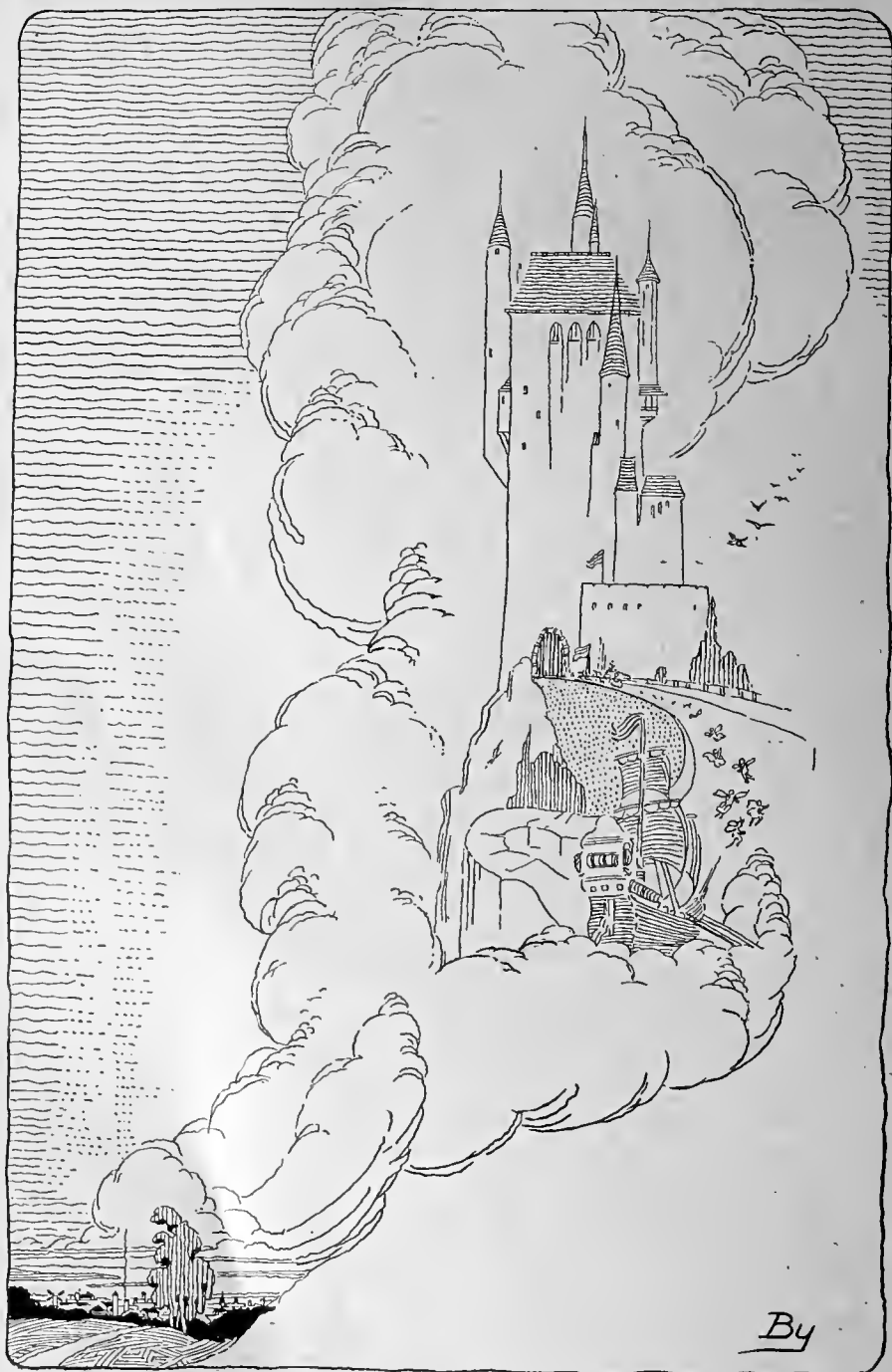
"Oh look! Look, Fluffy White, see the little cloud people on those darling white ponies!" cried Alicia, holding the kitten up higher.

Now the big ship was so high up in the air Alicia could see down on the other side of the mountain. Never had she seen such a sight. There were cloud people coming from everywhere. Some were riding beautiful, white sheep, some on white ponies, some in little carriages, some in white balloons and a big white boat came sailing right above the one Alicia was in. She could hear hundreds of little, cheery voices.

The little people stood on their tip toes and waved their white, silk handkerchiefs, and Alicia could see the others wave back at them. Everyone was smiling and happy and their little eyes sparkled with joy. How close they were getting now. They were all sailing right to the top of the mountain. Gently, gently the big boat stopped and rested comfortably on it. The big pine trees held the ship in their arms and the little pine birds sang cheerily, "Welcome! Welcome!"

All the people were quite close together now and Alicia heard the captain call out through the big horn: "Attention, everybody! What shall we do? Shall we go down into the deep canyons, or shall we build a big cloud castle up on this peak and have our picnic?"

They shouted back, "Here, here!" "All right," answered the captain, and he called again, "Yellow Bird! Yellow Bird!" Whiz, came little Yel-



"The wind built a tall tower for them"

low Bird; he had been saying hello, to his friends.

"Go," said the captain, "find Mr. Wind and ask if he will help build a big cloud castle." So away flew Yellow Bird.

The pretty boats, ponies, and sheep stood very still. Little Yellow Bird returned and said that Mr. Wind would come soon; he was helping some swallows who were flying south.

"How long are you going to stay?" asked Mr. Sun of the captain.

"We will be here until evening time. We have had such a long journey I don't think we can go on our way before then," answered the captain. "We are going to have a big party. Will you let your little sunbeams come?"

"Yes, if you will send them home before I go down," said the Sun.

A soft, cool breeze interrupted their conversation, and now the pretty clouds began to come closer and closer together. The big ship cloud spread itself way out and the sheep and pony clouds and all the pretty clouds climbed upon this white blanket. Then the little people pushed the pretty white folds higher and higher and the wind built a tall tower for them. Now they moved slowly until all the horses, sheep and boats were built into one huge castle. What a grand sight now it was all finished and there was plenty of room for all.

"All be seated!" called the captain. Each one hurried to a chair. Just as they were ready, with their little feet squarely on the floor and their hands folded in their laps they heard a tiny knock, knock, knock on the big castle door. Yellow Bird answered it and who do you think was there? Hundreds of little white sunbeams in the prettiest, white dresses which sparkled

very brightly. Alicia and Fluffy White could hardly look at them they were so dazzling. Each brought a little silver basket filled with white dew-drop candy.

"Welcome! Welcome!" everybody called and the little cloud people bowed very low. The sunbeams smiled, and looked still brighter and Yellow Bird guided them to their chairs. They put their little baskets on the table and just as they were seated, knock, knock, knock was heard on the big door again.

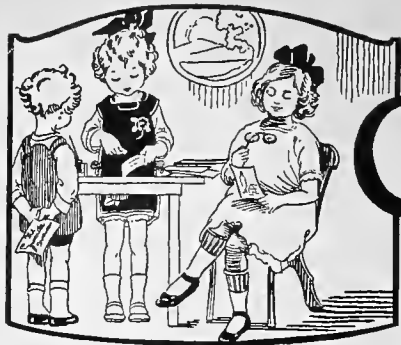
Yellow Bird opened it and in walked Mr. Woodpecker, Miss Canary Bird, Mr. Bluebird, Mr. Robin, Mr. Jay, Mr. Meadow Lark and Mr. Mourning Dove, each one carrying a musical instrument. Mr. Yellow Bird had invited a few of his musical friends to the party. Everyone cheered and cheered as they seated themselves by the little white piano. Right away they started to play and the fun began. Miss Canary Bird played the piano; Mr. Jay, the cornet; Mr. Bluebird, the harp; Mr. Mourning Dove and Mr. Meadow Lark, the violins, and Mr. Woodpecker the drums. Everybody danced until they could dance no more.

Now the drummer hit the drums three times very hard and everyone became real quiet, because that meant "order." "We are going to play a game," said the captain, "we have some pretty white jelly beans hidden in this castle. They are hidden everywhere. The one who finds the greatest number of these beans will receive a prize."

Oh! How all the company did scatter. Some ran upstairs, some in the kitchen, some in the dining room, some on the porches, some way up to the tower and how they did search for the beans!

(To be continued)

There is only one way to get ready for immortality and that is to love this life, and live as bravely and faithfully and cheerfully as we can.—H. Van Dyke.



The Children's BUDGET BOX

The Budget Box is written entirely by children under seventeen years of age. To encourage them, the "Juvenile Instructor" offers book prizes for the following:

Best original verses of not to exceed twenty lines.

Best original stories of not to exceed three hundred words.

Best amateur photographs, any size.

Best original drawings, black and white.

Every contribution must bear the name, age and address of the sender, and must be endorsed by teacher, parent or guardian as original.

Verses or stories should be written on one side of the paper only. Drawings must be black and white on plain white paper, and must not be folded.

Address: The Children's Budget Box, "Juvenile Instructor," 47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

At Watermelon Time

One fine autumn day my friends and I went for a ride. We started out and went up on the foothills of the "Y" mountain, away south of Timpanogos. We came to a watermelon patch; a boy was there and said we could have some watermelons if we would weed a small patch of strawberry plants. We weeded them and got two watermelons apiece. I had coveralls on and I unbuttoned them and put a melon inside and buttoned them up and held the other under my arm, and another boy got on back of me on my donkey. There were two boys on each donkey. There were three donkeys, and one boy was on foot. We started off, but we had not gone a block before the boy back of me dropped one. We all scrambled off and ate it; we went away farther and came to a ditch. The donkeys jumped over it and pop went the buttons off my coveralls, out rolled a melon; it hit the ground with a squash! It was gone. We got off and ate it. One boy said he was going to sell his and go to the show. The words had hard-

ly got out of his mouth and plunk went one of his melons. We were four blocks from home and had three melons left. The little brother of one of the boys came and met him and wanted to carry his melon home; he was running and tripped, fell—"plink." None of us climbed off this time because we didn't want any melon then. Out of fourteen melons when we got home I had one left.

Age 12.

Harry Merrill,
68 W. 5 North
Provo, Utah.

The Flowers

I walked among the flowers,
The lily and the rose,
Where all the birds were singing
And a gentle breeze blows.

There was buttercup and daisy
There was primrose pink and white
There was larkspur, sego lily,—

They bring joy from morn till night.
Age 9.

Lucy Decker
R. F. D. No. 1,
Mancos, Colorado.

Beth's Christmas Present

Beth put on her wraps the morning before Christmas, gave her mother a kiss, went outside and got in the sleigh with her father. Her father whistled at the team, and off they started for school. While they were traveling along the three mile road Beth watched the white rabbits jump out from under the bushes. She gazed at the beautiful snow that sparkled like diamonds.

"Father," she said, "is that snow real diamonds they put in rings?"

"No, my dear, it is just the frozen snow," he answered.

When Beth reached school, she greeted her teacher with a cheerful good-morning. She played with her playmates and was happy all day. Her parents had not got to the school house when school was out, so Beth decided to start out and meet them.

During the day her father became ill. Beth's mother was coming after her, but stayed with her husband longer than she intended. Before she got ready and got the team harnessed a cold blizzard came up. Her mother feared that she would get lost while going after Beth. She thought Beth would go home with the teacher and all would be safe.

Beth got lost in the storm and became very cold and tired wandering about. She knew she would freeze to death if she was in the storm much longer. She noticed some logs by a bank of dirt. She crawled down between them and prayed that she would reach home in safety and not be frozen by the terrible storm. It was warm behind the logs and she soon fell asleep.

When she awoke it seemed like a dream to her. She crawled out, and found something backed against the logs. The storm ceased. Beth saw that the animal was a half starved pony. It did not get frightened. Beth went up to it. She saw it was a riding pony because it had saddle marks on it.

She did not know how to save her life. Finally she got on the pony and he started off. The storm came on again in fury. The pony wandered about for a long time. When Beth thought she was about frozen the pony stopped at a gate. Beth knew it was their gate. She got off and took the pony to the barn. She hugged and kissed him for saving her life. Beth went to the house and her parents were surprised. They sat silent while she told her story.

Her father said, "Well Beth tonight is Christmas and we have no presents for you. It is so cold I fear Santa Claus will not come."

Beth put her arms around her father's neck and said, "I have a present. It is the best one I ever had, and I am going to name my pony Christmas. I am thankful that you are well and that I reached home in safety."

Her father advertised the pony but no one ever claimed it.

Stella Jaques,
Ferreton, Idaho.

Age 15



MARY ANN AND ADDIE SAVAGE

Photo by Addie Savage

Age 16.

Leeds, Utah.

Pussy's Wants on Thanksgiving Day

Oh dear, sighed Pussy,
I'd like some pie.
Then all of a sudden
She began to cry.

I'd like some turkey,
It looks so good.
If they only would give me some.
I wish they would.

Just then from the table
Down dropped a wing.
Then little Pussy
Gave a big spring.

She knew it came
From a plate up there
But which one it was
She did not care.
Age 10. Barbara Berlin,
Huntsville, Utah.

A Prayer Answered

One day in October last year, Daddy took Mama, my two brothers, my baby sister and myself to Blackfoot, about twelve miles from where we lived. We had a very nice ride until we were almost home. Just as we were crossing the railroad track (about one mile from home), one side of the tongue came down and hit one of the horses on the heels. They became frightened and ran. Daddy could not stop them.

Just ahead of us was a very deep ditch with a wire fence crossing on each side of the bridge. The buggy was running way to one side of the road. It looked like we couldn't help but miss the bridge. Just as we came to the bridge, the buggy swung cross-ways, and stopped still right across the bridge. The horses were loosed, and still kept on running.

When the horses first started to run Mama started to pray aloud.

Just as Mama said amen the buggy

stopped still. If we had gone one inch farther we would have gone off the bridge with the front wheels. If the Lord hadn't heard and answered Mama's prayer we surely would have had an accident. I know that the Lord will hear and answer our prayers if we pray in faith.

Age 13.

Golda Hansen,
Moore, Idaho.



Photo by Una Bowman
Age 13. Chesterfield, Idaho.

Christmas

Christmas eve is coming soon,
Wait until the next new moon;
For old Santa must have light
To reach our homes on that blessed night.

Santa Claus is a jolly old fellow,
His face is very round and mellow;
His suit is made with fur and nap.
And is always covered with soot so black.

And so, dear children you remember
On the twenty-fifth of December
To hang your little stocking tight
By the chimney near the light.

Age 13.

Viola Evans,
Vernal, Utah.



NOMA McKINNEY (age 9 months)
 Photo by **Elsie Thomas**
 Age 10. **Manassa, Colorado.**

Santa

"Hurry! hurry! I must be off," called
 Santa to his elves,
 "And be sure to put into my bag the
 big dolls on the shelves."
 "All ready Santa! all ready Santa!"
 he heard the little elves say,
 And then with a merry good-by to
 them
 Santa was off in his sleigh.

Old Santa needed no light on his way,
 The new fallen snow made it light
 as day.
 Now he stopped, and as quick as a
 mouse
 Santa stole quietly into a house.

His cheeks were so rosy, his nose like
 a cherry.
 He laughed to himself, a laugh, oh,
 so merry!
 Then filled the stockings almost to
 the brim,
 Leaving space for some little gift to
 put in.

Then he placed three beautiful dolls
 on the floor,
 And was almost about to go out
 through the door,
 When back he went to take a peep
 At the dear little children fast asleep.
 And so Santa went from door to door
 To the homes of the rich and the
 homes of the poor,
 And as he was leaving he turned with
 this call
 "I wish a merry, merry Christmas
 to all."

Age 13. **Lillian Mikkelsen,**
560 North Main
Logan, Utah.



Photo by Alice Faer
168 S. 7th West.
Provo, Utah.

The Blue Bird

I saw a pretty Blue Bird sitting in a
 tree,
 I tried to catch it, but it flew away,
 you see.
 Blue Bird, Blue Bird don't fly away,
 I want you to sing to me today.
 Age 7. **Myrtle Bates,**
Prescott, Arizona.



Photo by Ray Petersen

Age 13.

Molen, Utah.

The Meadow Lark

Of all the birds, that I love best,
Is the Meadow Lark, with her yellow
breast;
She sings in the sun, and she sings in
the storm,
She sings late at night, and early at
morn.

And when I am sick, and feeling bad,
She sings her song, to make me glad;
She builds her nest in the meadow
green,
Hid down in the grass, where it can't
be seen.

Whether you're rich, or whether
you're poor,
She sings at the palace, or cabin door;
That's why I love the meadow lark
best,
Because she sings sweeter than all the
rest.

Age 9

Mildred Dean,
Redmesa, Colo.

Down by the River

Down by the river one day in June
Apple blossoms were all in bloom;
The flowers were nodding in the breeze
And zephyrs blowing among the trees.

The world seemed filled with perfume
rare
That sunny day in June so fair.
The buzzing of bees, the trilling of
birds,
The cry of the eagle—all were heard.

The lazy white clouds floated past,
The sun was shining bright at last;
The breeze softly rustled through the
trees
The soft cooing of doves, the buzzing
of bees.

The roses, too, were all in bloom
The air was filled with sweet perfume.
It was a quiet and shady place /
And the spider web looked just like
lace.

Age 12.

Belva Rees,
Woodruff School.

The Star's Call

Look Daddy, that star is mine.
I've watched it for so long a time,
It winks and blinks and twinkles,
Just like brother's eyes and dimples.

Listen Daddy, it's truly singing,
Just like a tiny bell is ringing;
Oh, Daddy! its the song he loved,
Dear brother is singing it up above.

Oh, Daddy! that voice is calling,
As those bird mates were calling,
Listen Daddy, its calling to me;
Come, dear sister, come to me.

Age 14.

Elda S. Briggs
Route No. 1.
Thornton, Idaho.

He Tackled the Job

He came to school with a smile on his face

He was only a Freshie then,
But he tackled the "job" with a conquering smile,
So he's surely going to win.

Next year he'll be a Sophomore
With that haughty look on life,
And then he'll say, to himself someday,
"I'm repaid for my last year's strife."

When he becomes a Junior,
The "Prom" will fill his mind,
But they must have their pleasures
Yes, "fellows" of this kind.

And on into the senior year
Our hero now will pass,
He's labored hard those first three years
To reach that noted class.

If you tackle the "job" with a right good will;

If you start with a sturdy grin,
Then you're the "fellow" all will say
That's really going to win.

Age 14. Ina Cullum,
Lorenzo, Idaho.

Juvenile Rhyme

J is for Juvenile, the book we love best.

U is for Utah, best state in the west.

V is for Violets, that have pretty looks.

E is for Editors, of this great book.

N is for Nifty, the Budget Box fine.

I is for Instructor, this Juvenile mine.

L is for lessons, so noble and true.

E is for Everybody else who loves you.

Age 12. Donna Jensen
Box 327
Richfield, Utah.

The Birds

The little bluebird was going to fly
To see if it's color would match the sky;

But an arrow came at the small bird's head.

And the dear little songster fell down dead.

The little boy was sorry for his wicked deeds

And hid himself in the garden weeds.
He said, "I'll go and bury the bird."
But his watchful mother overheard.

The little boy was full of shame
He knew that there was cause for blame;

He had killed the bird that was going to fly

To see if it's color matched the sky.

He buried the bluebird under the sod,
And that night said he'd pray to God
To forgive him for the foolish deed.
And so he did, yes, yes, indeed!

Age 12. Lovella Cox,
Woodruff School.



Photo by Arlo Gale
Age 13. Conville, Utah.



THE LONG-AWAITED VISIT
(Courtesy "Our Dumb Animals")

Utah Cross-Word Puzzle

Prizes of books will be given to the first ten of those under seventeen who correctly solve the above puzzle, and send us the best original drawing, or photograph, or the best article of not to exceed three hundred words, or poem of not to exceed twenty lines on

any subject. Answers must be in by Jan. 1, 1925, and all contributions are subject to the rules provided in "The Children's Budget Box." Address Puzzle Editor, *Juvenile Instructor*, Room 202, L. D. S. Church Office Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

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UTAH CROOSS-WORD PUZZLE

Horizontal

1. A town in Utah.
5. A town in Utah.
9. Organ of hearing.
10. A kind of tree.
12. Highest card.
13. Man's name shortened.
16. Masculine pronoun.
17. An animal.
19. Confusion.
22. A thing.
26. A town in Utah.
29. Small child.
30. Periods of time (twenty-four hours each.)
31. A meadow.
34. Still.
35. Abr. for 'forenoon.'
36. Pertaining to city or town.
38. Seventh note of the scale.
39. Before.
40. Half a score.
42. A town in Utah.
43. A town in Utah.

Vertical

1. A meadow.
2. A large Eastern College.
3. Mister (abbreviation).
4. North America (abbreviation).
5. An exclamation.
6. What baby calls Father.
7. Reflected sound.
8. Formerly.
11. A town in Utah.
14. Scorched.
20. To postpone.
21. To shout applause.
23. Toward.
24. One hundred and five (abbreviation).
25. More peevish.
27. An exclamation to call attention; a cough.
28. Alkaline solutions.
32. Square contents; expanse.
33. A course worn by walking.
36. A vase.
37. Formerly.
39. For example.
41. New Brunswick (abbreviated.)



The FUNNY BONE

And That's That

"I wonder why it is a girl can't catch a ball like a man."

"Oh, a man is so much bigger and easier to catch."—*Baseball Magazine*.

Not Satisfied

Waiter: "I hope you were satisfied with your dinner, sir."

Diner: "Absolutely not. Everything was cold except the ice-cream."—*Houston Post*.

Wake Up, Baby!

Soph: "Why does a stork stand on one foot?"

Fresh: "I'll bite, why does he?"

Soph: "If he'd lift the other foot, he'd fall down."

All of Her

Visitor: "And you are the little girl who was born in Africa?"

Little Molly: "Yes."

Visitor: "Oh, and what part?"

Little Molly: "Why, all of me."

The Worst to Come

"I don't see the sausage I ordered," said the housewife to the butcher's boy who had just delivered her order.

"Oh, that's all right, mum," said the youngster. "The boss told me to tell you that the wurst was yet to come."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

Louder but Lower

A banker at Weeping Water, Nebraska, was asked by an impecunious farmer for a loan. The banker was one of those people who are deaf for commercial purposes. The farmer was chronically wanting to borrow, and his security was getting shaky.

"I'd like to borrow five thousand," pleaded the farmer.

The banker cupped his hand behind his lame ear and said:

"Speak a little louder and cut down the amount."

Misunderstood

Plumber: "I've come to fix that old tub in the kitchen."

Johnny: "Oh, mama, here's the doctor to see the cook."

Oh, Cousin!

Cockney Visitor: "What's that awful noise outside?"

Country Host: "Why, that's an owl."

Cockney Visitor: "I know it's an owl. But oo's 'owling?"

Just Enough

The Norse handmaiden said to her mistress: "Ay vent to das movie last night." (note the careful preservation of the dialect). The lady of the house inquired: "Scaramouche?" And the girl said, "Nö, not ver' mooch."

Misunderstood

Emanuel Jackson, mule tender, appeared one morning on crutches. "Lawsy!" exclaimed a friend. "Ah thought yo' was one o' de bes' mule han'lers in de business."

"So Ah is," affirmed Emanuel proudly, "but we done got a mule in dis mor'nin' dat didn't know mah reppitation."

—*Legion Weekly*.

Easy When You Know

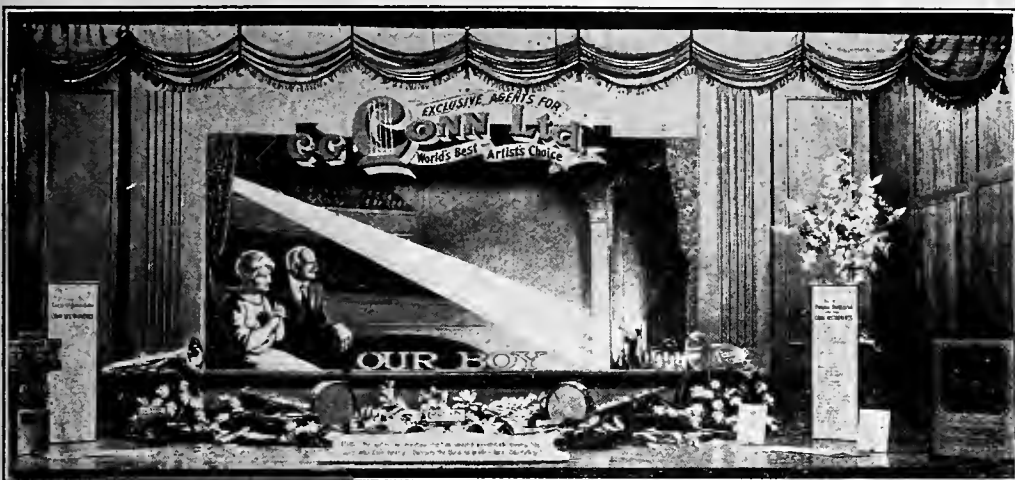
They were sitting on the piazza of a summer hotel swapping stories. "Ever hear this one," asked the dark young man. "A dog was tied to a rope 14 feet long. Twenty feet away was a fat, juicy bone. How did the dog get to the bone?"

"Oh, that's an old gag," said his companion. "You want me to say 'I give it up,' and then you'll say 'That's what the other cur did.'"

"No you're wrong for the dog got the bone."

"Well, how did he get it?"

"Why, the other end of the rope was not tied."—*Boston Transcript*.



Here is shown the window display of C. G. Conn band and orchestra instruments at Consolidated Music Company, Salt Lake City, that attracted so much attention recently, not only for its beauty but the vivid story it depicted of

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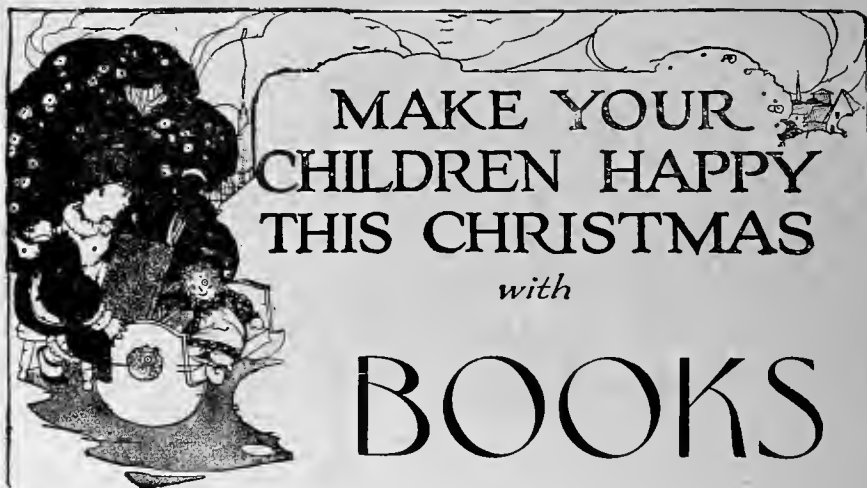
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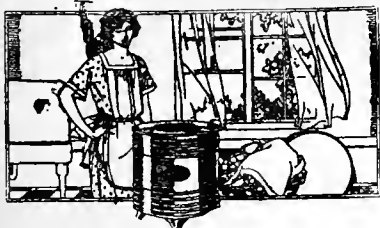
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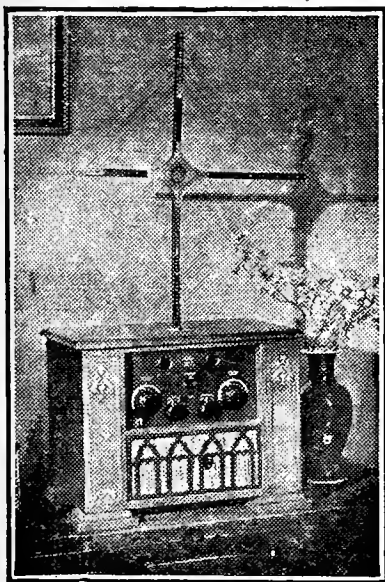
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